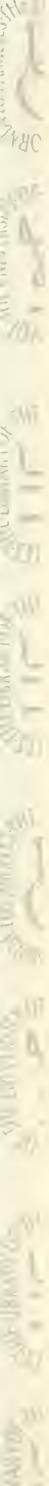


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PRESS

THE TRAGEDY OF TIBERIUS

1607

THE TRAGEDY OF TIBERIUS
BY JAMES BROWNE

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1914 no. 42

This reprint of the *Tragedy of Tiberius* has been prepared under the direction of the General Editor.

Oct. 1915.

W. W. Greg.

ARMED GUARD TO MARCH
TAKING GUARD DUTY AS OF

The hero of the play here reprinted is Tiberius Claudius Nero Caesar, and it is therefore desirable that it should be known as the *Tragedy of Tiberius* to distinguish it from the *Tragedy of Nero*, which deals with Nero Claudius Caesar Drusus Germanicus.

PR
2411
C45
1914

The Registers of the Stationers' Company supply the following entry :

10 Aprilis [1607]

Entered for his copie vnder thandes of Sir George Buck Knight Francis Burton
and Master White Warden. A booke called the tragical Life
and Death of Claudius Tiberius Nero vj^d R.
[Arber's Transcript, III. 346.]

The edition which appeared in pursuance of this entry was a quarto bearing the date 1607 and printed for Burton apparently by Edward Alldie in a type approximating in size to modern pica (20 ll. = 82 mm.). Of this two copies at the British Museum, one at the Bodleian Library, one in the Dyce Collection, one at Eton College, and one in the possession of Mr. T. J. Wise have been used in the preparation of the present reprint.

It is evident that the formes from which the edition was printed underwent a very considerable amount of alteration and correction while the sheets were passing through the press. This is most obvious in the case of the title-page, in which different copies show a different arrangement of ornaments, and 'The Statelie Tragedie' of one mentioned above is replaced by 'The Tragedie' of the others. These variations have led to the belief that there were two distinct issues of the play. This is not so: corrected and uncorrected sheets were bound up together indiscriminately, as will be readily seen from the table printed below.

Nor is it quite certain that the most correct state of the outer forme is always found backed by the most correct state of the inner, though such seems to be the general rule in the case of the present play.

The two presumably blank leaves, sigs. A 1 and N 4, are not found in any of the six copies consulted, with the possible exception of that in the Dyce Collection. (According to the editor's recollection the latter preserves the final blank, but any notes he may have made on the subject have unfortunately been lost, and the copy has now been removed to a place of safety where it is temporarily inaccessible.)

As to the history and authorship of the play nothing whatever appears to be known. The publisher, in his dedicatory epistle to Sir Arthur Mannering, describes it as an academic play founded on Tacitus by an author who prefers anonymity, and no subsequent critic seems to have troubled himself about the matter.

The Editor's thanks are due to Mr. F. W. Cornish for facilities for consulting the copy of the play in the Library of Eton College, and to Mr. T. J. Wise for the kind loan of that in his possession.

LIST OF VARIANTS BETWEEN COPIES.

In the case of the present play the variants are so numerous and extensive that it has been thought better to record them in a list by themselves. Four copies have been collated throughout, and are indicated in the list by the following symbols: M¹ and M², the two copies at the British Museum, bearing the press-marks 161. a. 12 and 643. c. 34 respectively, B the copy in the Bodleian Library, and D that in the Dyce Collection. All variants observed in these four copies have further been checked with two other copies, in the Library of Eton College and in the possession of Mr. T. J. Wise respectively: these are indicated by the symbols E and W. Where a reading occurs in one copy only the word 'rest' indicates, of course, the agreement of the other five. To facilitate analysis the signatures are given before the line-numbers, those belonging to inner formes being printed in italic.

A2^r. TITLE-PAGE. B three ornaments | rest two ornaments
 B THE STATELIE Tragedie | rest THE Tragedie

A3^r. EPISTLE. *signed in B* Francis Burton | rest *unsigned*
 (N.B.—In B and M¹ the ends of the lines are cut away. In M¹ the catchword is also shaved off, and it is probable that the same has happened to both leaf-signature and catchword in B, the leaf being cut close below the name.)

B1^r. 74 D *Drusus* | rest *Drusus*,
 D tearms, | rest tearms
 100 D *Arabia*, | rest *Arabia*

B1^v. 113 D *In wa're* | rest (In war)
 114 D *bones*, | rest *bones*.

B2^r. 141 M¹, E, W, *Titius*, | M², B, D *Titus*,
 142 D *antiquitic*, | rest *antiquitie*.
 143 D *empires* | rest *Empires*
 148 D *you* | rest *your*
 155 M¹, D, E, W *foile*, | M², B *foile* :
 M¹, E, W *Gods* : | M², B, D *Gods*,
 (see note at end of List)

157 D *Empire*, | rest *Empirie*,
 164 D *mutinus* | rest *mutinous*
 165 D *Indeans* | rest *Indians*

167 D Serians, | rest Sirians,
 168 D to neare, | rest too neare,
 170 D godly | rest goodly
 D Citties, | rest Cities,
 B2^v. 183 *M¹, E, W*, interpret | *M², B, D* inrerpret
 186 *M¹, D, E, W* Crowne? | *M², B* Crowne (*the absence of the ? is probably due to an accident happening after the printing of D which was not repaired till after the printing of M² and B, cf. 201*)
 196 D choose, | rest choose
 D once | rest once,
 D well | rest well;
 201 D dye, | *M¹, E, W* dye. (*doubtful*) | *M², B* dye (*with e rather battered and loose. Evidently the comma got broken off while making corrections after printing D, and was not replaced by the erroneous period till after the printing of M² and B, cf. 186*)
 204 D election, | rest election ?
 B3^r. 224 D turned | rest tuned
 236 D heart. | rest heart:
 B3^v. 252 D Romaines | rest (Romaines)
 D showtes, | rest showtes.
 262 D (as . . . affection) | rest as . . . affection,
 264 D proconsulship, | rest Proconsulship.
 271 D a | rest at (*there is a space in D corresponding to the missing letter*)
 B4^r. 283 D *Sibbels* | rest *Sibbels*,
 D counsels | rest counsels,
 284 D fire | rest fier
 286 D Cappitall, | rest Cappitoll,
 290 D Coronation. | rest Coronation ?
 310 D hee's | rest hee's
 311 D indented | rest not indented
 D let | rest let's
 B4^v. r.t. D death. | rest death
 323 D *Germanicus* | rest *Germanicus*
 329 D wayed | rest way'd
 C1^v. 387 D *Centurian* | rest *the Centurion*
 C2^r. 420 D *Augustae* | rest *Augustus*
 438 D loyne | rest loynes
 C3^v. 527 D *Germaine kernels* | rest *Germaine-kernes*
 C4^r. 566 D pleasure, | rest pleasure.
 D4^r. 848 Throne-oppugning (*hyphen clear in B, a trace in M², E, not in M¹, D, W*)

854 stopt, (comma clear in B, fairly clear in E, possible traces in the rest)

(These two are accidental variants in the press work.)

E1^r. 911 M¹, E, W *Liluia*. | M², B, D *Liuia*.

913 M¹, E, W *Liuia*. | M², B, D *Liuia*.

M¹, E, W That's | M², B, D That's as

M¹, E, W thereto. | M², B, D thereto

(The insertion of the word *as* caused the previous alteration in the line. The final period dropped out at the same time.)

E2^v. 1028 M¹, E, W, iuelloped, | M², B, D inuelloped

1040 M¹, E, W to long. | M², B, D too long.

1043 M¹, E, W (*Sabi-*)*nus*, | M², B, D (*Sabi-*)*nus*:

1044 M¹, E, W *Germanici*, | M², B, D *Germanici*:

1046 M¹, E, W *Prisoners*, | M², B, D *Prisoners*:

1047 M¹, E, W *crowne* | M², B, D *crowue* (instead of correcting *n* to *u* the compositor merely turned the *u* right way up)

E3^r. 1063 M¹, E, W *doe* | M², B, D *do*

M¹, E, W *solemnize* | M², B, D *solemnize*.

1076 M¹, E, W *protection*, | M², B, D *protection*.

1087 M¹, E, W *steedes*. | M², B, D *steedes*,

E4^v. 1168 M¹, E, W *disclose* | M², B, D *disclofe*:

1170 M¹, E, W *souldier*. | M², B, D *souldiers*.

1173 M¹, E, W *Germanicus* | M², B, D *Germanicus*

1175 M¹, E, W *Victorios* | M², B, D *Victorios*

1183 M¹, E, W *indented* | M², B, D *not indented*

M¹, E, W *wisdom*, | M², B, D *wisdom* (see note at end of List)

M¹, E, W *art*, | M², B, D *Art*,

1188 M¹, E, W *els* | M², B, D *els*—

F4^v. 1477 B *guide*. | *rest guide*: (more or less doubtfully, the second dot being probably an accidental mark)

G1^r. 1479 B *faare* | *rest feare*

1482 B *showted*? | *rest showted*

1483 B *song*: | *rest song*?

1484 B *redoubled*. | *rest redoubled*

1485 B *vntumed* | *rest vntuned*

1486 B *Germanicus*. | *rest Germanicus*?

1487 B *dispatch* | *rest dispatch*

1493 B *villaiue* | *rest villaine*

1495 B I₂ | *rest* I

1497 B *Tiberius* | *rest Tiberius*,

1504 B *Lionesse*, | *rest Lionesse*

G1^v. 1518 *B* Fabius, | rest Titius
 1520-1 *B* For . . . these, | rest (For . . . these,)
 1520 *B* minos | rest Minos
 1527 *B* thy | rest my
 1528 *B* wilt. | rest wilt,
 1534 *B* th̄ir | rest their
 G2^r. 1548 *B* the | rest th'
 1550 *B* storme. | rest storme?
 1560 *B* paine, | rest paine.
 1562 *B* (Ro-)maine. | rest (Ro-)maine,
 1564 *B* engir'd then | rest engir't
 1569 *B* quittance, Gallus | rest quittance Gallus,
 1574 *B* *Afinius*. | rest *Afiniu.* (necessitated by the
 following change)
 B Since | rest Sence
 1579 *B* *Nerua.* | rest *Neru.* (necessitated by following)
 B ill | rest ill,
 1582 c.w. *B* ab. | rest Sab.
 G2^v. 1596 *B* drown'd | rest drowne
 1602 *B* butchered | rest butchered
 1603 *B* factions | rest factions,
 B treacheries, | rest treacheries,
 1604 *B* a broach | rest abroach
 1613 *B* infue | rest issue
 1614 *B* *Afir.* (doubtful) | rest *Afin.*
 1618 *B* death. | rest death?
 G3^r. 1622 *B* Sonne, | rest Sonne
 1623 *B* vnnaturall, | rest vnnaturall
 1631 *B* to'ther | rest th'other
 B last | rest lost
 1634 *B* Derne. | rest Denne.
 1643 *B* scencelesse | rest fencelesse
 1645 *B* Seianus; wife | rest Seianus! wise
 1648 *B* protest, | rest protest—
 1653 *B* engaged | rest engag'd
 G3^v. 1669 *B* Phosonisba | rest Sophonisba
 1685 *B* Chronicles. (doubtful) | rest Chronicles
 G4^r. 1715 *B* troubling | rest troubled
 1727 *B* the deuises | rest thy deuises
 G4^v. 1734 *B* hee's | rest hee is
 1736 *B* diligence: | rest diligence.
 1741 *B* Fuen | rest Euen
 1744 *B* ther'r's | rest ther'r's
 1758 *B* baine | rest braine

H1^v. 1830 c.w. *M¹ E, W* Which | *M², B, D* Whic (*accidental variation in press*)
 I1^r. 2049 *B, D Ghoſt* | *M¹, ² E, W Ghoaſt*
 2058 *B, D* complaine. | *M¹, ² E, W* complaine,
 II^v. 2091 *M², B, D* death, infecting | *M¹, E, W* death-infecting
 2112 *B, D* rendring | *M¹, ² E, W* rending
 I2^v. r.t. *B, D Tragigall* | *M¹, ² E, W Tragicall*
 I3^v. 2244 *M², B, D* lustleſſe | *M¹, E, W* liueleſſe
 K1^r. 2328 *B* vnfaigned, | *rest* vnfaign'd,
 2330 *B* time, times | *rest* ten-times
 2356 *B* Lord | *rest* Lord,
B time, | *rest* time
 2358 *B* preuale, | *rest* preuale,
 K1^v. 2369 *B* perished | *rest* perished.
 2385 *B S ian* | *rest Seian.*
 2386 *B* heart. | *rest* hurt.
 2397 *B* Lord | *rest* Lord,
 2399 c.w. *B coul* | *rest* could
 K2^r. 2400 *B* gheſſe | *rest* geſſe
 B presumption, | *rest* presumption :
 2420 *B* policie. | *rest* policie
 2429 *B* cruetie, | *rest* cruetie :
 K2^v. 2439 *B* shee's | *rest* shee's—
 2445 *B* wofe | *rest* whose
 B meanes, | *rest* means, (*necessitated by preceding*)
 2461 *B* Ialia | *rest* Iulia
 2462 *B* soe. | *rest* so ;
 2464 *B* Of | *rest* For
 K3^r. 2476 *B* Fraates | *rest* Phraates
 2499 *B* young | *rest* yong
 2502 *B* may it | *rest* may 't
 2503 *B* I am | *rest* I'm
 K3^v. 2524 *B* th ēboth | *rest* thē both
 2527-8 *B* after lead | *rest* before lead
 K4^r. 2574 *B* Plebians | *rest* Plebeians
 K4^v. 2581 *B* Germanicie. | *rest* Germanici.
 2583 *B* Cæſar, | *rest* Cæſar
 2596 *B* Nero | *rest* Nero,
 M2^r. 2974 *M², B, E* If | *M¹, D, W* I (*accidental variant in press*)
 N1^r. 3195 *B* his | *rest* is
 N1^v. 3227 *M¹, ² E, (W doubtful)* out-strip | *B, D* out strip
 (*doubtful. accidental variant*)
 N2^v. 3298 *B* congeala | *rest* congeale

N³. 3299 *B* Philomele | *rest* Philomela
 N³. 3323 *B* returne I | *rest* I returne
 B *Macr.* | *rest* *Macro.*
 3347 *B* So,—Reenters on the Stage. | *rest* So,—Reenters
upon the Stage.

N³v. 3362 *M²* Maides, | *rest* Maides.
 3377 *M²* Christ. | *rest* Christ,
 (see note at end of List.)

The data of the above list may be generalized as in the table given below. In this only those formes are recorded in which real variants occur, due to deliberate alterations of the type and not arising out of mere accidents of the press. The symbols (o) and (i) indicate the outer and inner formes respectively.

Forme.	Least correct state.	Intermediate state.	Most correct state.
A (o)	M ¹ M ² D E W(?)		B (?)
A (i)	M ¹ M ² D E W(?)		B (?)
B (o)	D	M ² B	M ¹ E W
B (i)	D	M ² B	M ¹ E W
C (i)	D		M ¹ M ² B E W
E (o)	M ¹ E W		M ² B D
G (o)	B		M ¹ M ² D E W
G (i)	B		M ¹ M ² D E W
I (o)	B D		M ¹ M ² E W
I (i)	B D	M ²	M ¹ E W
K (o)	B		M ¹ M ² D E W
K (i)	B		M ¹ M ² D E W
N (o)	B		M ¹ M ² D E W
N (i)	M ² (?)		M ¹ B D E W (?)

In the case of sheet A it is impossible to be certain which is the original and which the altered state. The facts that the title-page with two ornaments presents the more normal arrangement, that the space between the text of the epistle and the leaf-signature is exactly equal to one line of type, and that only one copy out of six shows this state, suggest that the alteration has been from *B* to *M¹*, &c. On the other hand it is difficult to imagine any motive for the changes. It will be observed that the long ornament on the title-page, though its position has been altered, is in both cases upside down. After some hesitation the editor decided to make the reprint conform with *B*, on the ground that this represented the fuller and more elaborate, though very likely not the ultimate, text. It should be remarked that there is no direct authority for supposing that both the

publisher's name and also the leaf-signature and catchword ever appeared at the end of the epistle, since the leaf is closely cropped in B; the probability that they did seems however great enough to warrant the course pursued in the reprint, subject to this warning.

In sheet B it will be observed that while most of the errors in D were immediately corrected, a few remained till after the printing of M² and B, which thus constitute an intermediate group. A particularly interesting case is that of B(i) 155. This line stands in D thus:

Large Citties, fertile foile, and gratiouſ Gods,

The corrector considered rightly that there should have been a colon at the end of the line, and he presumably marked it for correction. But the compositor misunderstood him and altered it to:

Large Citties, fertile foile : and gratiouſ Gods,

as it stands in M² and B. Later the corrector noticed the error that had been made and had the line put right as it stands in M¹, E and W:

Large Citties, fertile foile, and gratiouſ Gods :

That this must have been the order of the changes can be readily inferred, since any other will conflict with the other changes made in the forme. But that the change from D to M¹, &c., was not a simple and direct one is not merely a matter of inference but is capable of demonstration. For the first half of the two lines, though textually identical, are typographically distinct; the space before 'fertile' is too wide in D and the comma after 'foile' belongs to a smaller fount, whereas in M¹, &c., they are normal, thus showing that there was presumably an intermediate state such as that supplied by M² and B. In the case of B(o) 201, D is correct: an accident removed the comma at the end of the line (M², B), and when this was noticed the compositor seems erroneously to have replaced it by a full stop (the printing is not very clear).

A difficulty occurs at E(o) 1183. Throughout the forme M¹, E and W show the original, M², B and D the corrected, readings. But in reading 'wisdom,' (with a comma), instead of 'wisdome' (with an 'e'), M¹, &c., are unquestionably correct. We are forced to assume that some accident occurred necessitating the resetting of the line and that the compositor made an error in so doing.

In forme I(i) the solitary reading of 2091, in which M² instead

of agreeing with M^1 , &c., joins B and D, proves an intermediate state.

All the rest is straightforward till we come to the last page, on which occurs the most mysterious puzzle of the play. Here M^2 differs in two readings (3362, 3377) from all the other copies, and in one of these it is as certainly correct as in the other it is as certainly in error. Presumably the correction of the one reading led accidentally to the erroneous alteration of the other, but in which direction the changes were made there is nothing (beyond the relative frequency of the two states) to show (unless indeed we assume, what the general evidence points to but does not prove, that the unit of correction was not the forme but the sheet, in which case the order for sheet N as a whole would be B : M^1 D E W : M^2).

It is the rule in these reprints to take as basis in each forme that state of the original which seems on the whole most correct, or rather which seems to have received the most conscious correction, even though this should involve, as it sometimes does, the retention of less correct individual readings. The copies which have served as basis for the different forms of the present play (where variants have been discovered) will therefore be found enumerated in the above table under the heading 'Most correct state', but it must be understood that no opinion is advanced as to the relative correctness of the copies in the cases where queries are added to the symbols.

LIST OF DOUBTFUL READINGS, &c.

Common to all copies.

Epistle, l. 18 <i>for</i>	602 <i>Iulia-</i>
Text, l. 86 the'ternall	618 marre
97 modeſtie.	632 beholde
130 know	646 ther ein
146 equaltie,] u turned n in <i>original</i>	650 heauen's
209 wright	679 thirftie,
221 My thinkes	719 know
247 jmperiall,	722] <i>not indented</i>
280 <i>Tiber.</i>	754 <i>Nero</i>
291 twa's	766 not with] <i>possibly</i> notwith
292 my thought	800 thee
295 my thinks	<i>Laconiades:] there seems to be some mark before the colon</i>
311] <i>not indented</i>	807 interruſſ
323 <i>Centurion Soldiers.</i>	824 Creſt:
340 hundeth	842 <i>Exit. Pijo</i>
357 <i>Germanie,</i>	856 haps,] <i>possibly</i> ha ps,
395 foule,] e, <i>doubtful</i>	859 off,
400 (Imperious	881 (Ma-)(ieſtie
403 Equaſtent	883 <i>Liuia.] point doubtful</i>
408 by] <i>original</i> bʌ	890 where fore-lookes
424 policie,] <i>original</i> policie,	892 (troupeſ
435 t he	906 <i>aud</i> <i>Drufus</i>
457 Magnes	908] <i>not indented</i>
481 hearts,	913 therto
(hope	917 repēt
484 Sonne,	940 vtican.
497 Sufficienſpresidents	946 liu'd <i>Ioue,</i>
563 imperall	948 bed,
570 ts	952 Seianus] <i>possibly</i> Seian us (far-)(wel
582 not] <i>possibly</i> no t	
600 and idiot,	

978 rapier	1797 grauarie,
1000 vnkinde,] possibly vnkinde.	1876 Renue
1010 a shamed	1886 <i>Tigranocerta</i> ,
1033 gaue'st	1929 ore'quelled
1052] not indented	1951 deeme' twas
1087 c.w. Wee	1970 plead
1089 death,	2007 (Germanicus
1127 confu'md] apostrophe doubtful	2011-2 <i>set. teth</i>
1153 Germanicus,	2071 peirce
1177-8 <i>Ma- net</i>	2076 vnquoth
1183] not indented	2095 my thinkes
1208 farewell,	2116 My thought
1228 c.w. <i>Pis/o. Or]</i> cf. 1229	2157 Vonones] possibly Vonone s
1318 lay] possibly l ay	2171 troopcs,
1334 together	2173 accompained,
1351 er'e	2198 shew
1387 <i>Agripina.</i>] possibly <i>Agripina:</i>	2223 <i>Nero</i>
1390 Surceedes	2225 (<i>Drusus</i>
1454 (wel	2235 remain'd,
1470 leaue,	2238 Allablafter
1472 me :	2243 befall] possibly be fall
1473-5] stage direction belongs after 1477	2261] not indented
1512 Iulia make] possibly Iuliamake	2290 Agree'd,
1533 Penolepes	2291 (quicke
1547 welkins] possibly wel kins	2299 head,
1566 had-iwiit.	2308 <i>Exeunt. Omnes.</i>
1589 wont] possibly wont,	2341 conioy'nd,
1598 dies.] d turned p in original	2353 your] possibly yo ur
1604 degree.] point turned in original	2368 dispatcht why
1627 coneiu'd?	2416 and friend,] possibly an d friend,
1642 no impression	2417 sinononimies
1679 Fmperour?	2493 betrayd
1712 fall's	2518 slaine
1715 mind,	2541 wrote] possibly wrote,
1718 ile	2553 in force
1772 Phalaux	2585] not indented
1788 person, Thus	Now] possibly No w
	2623 aside
	2630 lowres
	2644 <i>Exit</i>
	2645 t'is
	<i>Exeunt</i>

2679	Strik	3013	sleepie
2747	griefe	3023	a sham'd,
2749	tougue,	3031	were
2753	prop er	3061	downe
2762	<i>Spurius</i>	3071	thy
2788	Majsters,	3082	Drusius,
2801-2	<i>Exeunt.</i> (omnes	3094	mine
2810	<i>Germanicus</i>	3103	Canibals,
2814	neglect	3110	die
2819	<i>Marco.</i>	3134	humblefutor
2820	ma iesttie,	3147	head,
2825	vnquoth	3157	<i>Celsus</i>
2830	here	3170	subjest
2870	meat	3187	<i>Iailler</i>
2930	pandaturia.	3225	satisfie
2946	reuenge ?] possibly r euenge ?	3243	Northren
2948	There	3270	Anotamize
2953	here	3320	c.w. <i>Cal.</i> Thanks
	prate	3335	intralls
2987	againe	3380	Cuildren
3009	Æthiops] possibly Æ thiops	sig. L2 ^v r.t. <i>Tragic all</i>	

N.B.—In some portions of the text lower-case letters appear not infrequently at the beginnings of verse lines, and have not been noted above. In a certain number of instances 'j' replaces 'i': these have only been recorded when they offend both old and modern convention.

LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

TIBERIUS, Emperor of Rome.	a Page of Germanicus.
SEJANUS	JULIA, mother of the Emperor.
ASINIUS	AGRIPPINA, wife of Germanicus.
SABINUS	LUCIUS PISO, praetor of Syria.
COCCEIUS NERVA, a flamen.	LIVIA, wife of Drusus Tiberius.
DRUSUS TIBERIUS, son of the	SPADO, attendant on Livia.
Emperor.	VONONES, leader of the Arme- nians.
ASINIUS GALLUS	MAXIMUS, a messenger from Germanicus.
TITIUS SABINUS	a Soldier of Maximus.
NERO	four Messengers.
DRUSUS	JULIUS CELSUS, friend to Seja- nus.
CALIGULA	MACRO, an officer of Tiberius.
four Plebeians.	
GERMANICUS, son of the Em- peror.	
a Centurion.	

Flamens, soldiers, Vonones' son, captains of Germanicus, prisoners, and Spurius, an officer of Tiberius.

Several characters appear in the funeral show with which the play opens who do not speak till considerably later. The show has been disregarded in fixing the order of the above list. The two Consuls are named in the initial direction but in the text are only numbered (ll. 74, 76).



THE
Tragedie of Clau-
dius Tiberius Nero, Romes
greatest Tyrant.

Truly represented out of the purest Records
of those times.

Et Studio, et labore.

Anon.



L O N D O N
Printed for Francis Burton, dwelling in Paules
Church-yard at the signe of the Flower-de-luce
and Crowne. 1607





THE STATELIE Tragedie of Clau-

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L O N D O N

Printed for Francis Burton, dwelling in Paules
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of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

22

Enter *Tiberius and Seianus.*

Ti. Thus is *Germanicus* our greatest feare dispatcht
With subtil *Piso* to the Orient.

Didst thou not see with what alacritie,
All the Plebeians at his triumph shewted
At every period of his pleasing song?
How that discordant quire redoubled
With their vntuned voyces relishing,
Long liue Victorious *Germanicus*?

But hees dispatcht into Armenia,
And soone shall be dispatcht by *Piso* true.

Seian. My Lord vpon mine honour *Ile auerre*,
Speedie performance of this action,
Iso inuagled *Piso*, so inwrapt him,
So coniured his traiterous resolution,
Storing the villaine with such poysonus drugges,
As neuer *Circe* nor *Aetes* knew,
Iso incenst his damn'd ambition,
Soothing his humour, praising his great worth,
Adding the fauours of *Tiberius*,
That were *Germanicus* imperious loue,
Piso would poyson him to gaine my loue.

Tib. So much *Seianus* for *Germanicus*,
But now an other cloud obscures our Sunne,
Of lesser fauour, but of greater show,
That same infamous *Tigres Iulia*.

Nemia neuer saw a Lionesse
Was halfe so furious as is *Iulia*.
Didst thou not see her yawning sepulchre
Rauening to swallow vp my Emperie?
Did she not shew *Augustus* testament
To haue discarded me from regiment?
How can I brooke it? Do not make replie,
If *Nero* liue, *Iulia* shall surely die.

G

Seia. Then

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Enter *Tiberius and Seianus.*

Ti. Thus is *Germanicus* our greatest faare dispatcht
With subtil *Piso* to the Orient.
Didst thou not see with what alacritie,
All the Plebeians at his triumph shewted?
At every period of his pleasing song:
How that discordant quire redoubled.
With their vntuned voyces relishing,
Long liue Victorious *Germanicus*.
But hees dispatch into Armenia,
And soone shall be dispatcht by *Piso* true.

Seian. My Lord vpon mine honour Ile auerre,
Speedie performance of this action,
I so inueagled *Piso*, so inwrapt him,
So coniured his traiterous resolution,
Storing the villaiue with such poysonous druggs,
As neuer *Circe* nor *Actes* knew,
I, so incenst his damn'd ambition,
Soothing his humour, praising his great worth,
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That were *Germanicus* imperious loue,
Piso would poyson him to gaine my loue.

Tib. So much *Seianus* for *Germanicus*,
But now an other cloud obscures our Sunne,
Of lesser fauour, but of greater shew,
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Nemia neuer saw a Lionesse,
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Seia. Then



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LO N D O N
Printed for *Francis Burton*, dwelling in Paules
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To the Right Worshipfull Sir Arthur Man-
nering Knight, (Sonne and Heyre vnto Sir George
Mannering of Eithfield in the Countie of Salop) Car-
uer vnto Prince Henry his
Grace.

I*F Custom (Right worshipfull) had so greate a Prerogative, as that nothing crossing it, were at all allowable, then might I iustlye feare reprehension for this my Dedication, hauing (to my knowledge) but a singuler President heerein; and the reason wherefore so 10 many Plaies haue formerly beene published without Inscriptions vnto particular Patrons (contrary to Custom in diuulging other Bookes) although perhaps I could nerely guesse yet because I would willingly offend none, I will now conceale. This young Scholler, as his proportion is comelye, so are his garments graue, his language faire, and by his speech it shoulde seeme that his Father was an Academician: his tongue is tipt with Eloquence, and his face is louely: he tels strange (but true) stories: he is meruailous wittie, and notwithstanding his Orphant-age (for eyther hee hath lost his Father, or his Father hath lost him) yet it shoulde seeme that he hath read much, for he is well seene in Antiquities, but 20 most especially inward with Cornelius Tacitus, our best approued Historian, which cannot chuse but acquire him some fauour. I will say no more in his commendation, let his own good parts praise him, but in regard he is fatherles, your Worship (I thinke) may doe a deede of Charite to be his Guardian, and happily his owne father may once be thankful vnto you for such kindnes. In the meane space, as I my selfe am partly by duetie already bound vnto your Worship, so my lone shal make vp that which in duetie is wanting, and heereafter I will remaine your Worships devoted.*

Francis Burton.



Ad Lectores.

*In stead of Prologue to my Play,
Obserue this one thing I shall say.*

I vse no Sceane suppos'd as many doe,
But make the Truth my Sceane, and Actors too.

For

Of Romes great Tyrant I the storie tell,
And what vnto that State in Neroes Raigne befel.



The Tragical life and death of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Enter mourners to the funerall: first Cocceius Nerua, with Sc. i
other Flaminij: next, the hearse of Augustus: then Ti-
berius, with Iulia on his right hand: then Drusus Ti-
berius, and Liuia: Then Agripina alone: next, her three
sonnes, Drusus, Nero, and Caligula: next two Consuls,
Asinius Gallus, and Titius Sabinus, with other Sena-
tors. They passe ouer the stage and goe in: then sound
to the Coronation: and enter first two Consuls; then Ti-
berius Nero, Nerua with the crowne Emperiall: then
Asinius, Sabinus, and Seianus, Senators: then Dru- 10
sus Tiberius, Drusus, Nero, and Caligula: Tiberius
Nero ascendeth.*

Tib. **V**ictorious Consuls, and graue Senators,
My noble kinsmen and deere Countrimē,
Deare friends to deare Augustus happinesse:
Happie to haue such friends, and Countrimen:
Could I but shadow out in maske of words,
The sorrowing language of my groaning soule,
Or with a stremme of teares alay the flame,
Wherewith my heart doth like an Ætna burne, 20
Yea Gods I call to witnesse of my thoughts, (words:
My tongue should speake, and speake in weeping
Mine eyes should well out words, & speak in teares,
Wordes in my weeping, weeping in my words,
To sympathize my deare affection,
But since, ————— *He feigneth to swound.*
Seia. What ayles my Lord? how fares your noble
Nero. See how the inundation of his grief (grace?
Doth

The Tragical life and death

Doth stop the fountaine of his vtterance.

Afin. So true a grieve exprest with such true loue, 30
Would make a man to be in loue with grieve.

Dru. Tibe. My Lord and father, what deepe passion
Your deep-engrauen sorrowes hath surpriz'd?

Tib. Ah Drusus, Drusus, the late memorie,
Of great Augustus honorable deedes,
Compared with this new priuation,
Doth riuue my heart twixt contrarities.

Now would my tongue remember his faire deedes,
But then my heart fwels with remembrance.

Sweet Drusus, thou whose young experiance, 40
Hath not such deepe impreffion of these woes,
Our honorable buryall rights vnfould,
As moftte befits these folomne Exequies.

Dru. Tib. My Lord, my duetie bindes me to obey,
Againts my reaſon, and my budding yeaſes,
Yet for to checke my yeaſes, my reaſon faies,
My duetie muſt be reaſon to my yeaſes.
Therefore great States of this ſad Parliament,
Fathers of Rome partakers of our woes,
Vouchſafe to waſh your ſiluer haires more white, 50
With flowing teares of true compassion.

Augustus Caesar, high Octauius,
The true ſucceſſor of great Iulius,
Who whilome glittering in his Sunne-bright raiſes
Surpaſt the glorie of yong Phaeton:
Now in the darke eclipsing of his daies,
Lies lower then Apolloes breathleſſe Sonne.
Often hath Rome ſeene mans fragillitie,
But nere before the Gods mortallitie.
Ile pleade his Iuſtice, loe his mercie ſhines: 60
Ile call him mercifull, yet iuſt withall:
In mercy iuſt, in Iuſtice mercifull:
Ile pleade his honour, then his meekenes calls,
Ile praife his meekenes, yet in honourſ robes:

In

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

In honour meeke, in meekenes honourable,
Ile plead his wisdome, but his wit me checks,
Ile praise his wit, yet linckt in wisdomes chaine,
In wittie wisdome, and in wisdome wit.
Ile plead his beautie, but his strength bids stay,
Ile praise his strength but in a beautious mansion, 70
Beauteous in valour, and in beautie strong:
So if ye reake not mans fragilitie,
Yet weepe to see the Gods mortalitie.

Con. 1. No more sweet *Drusus*, into pleasing tearms
A storie to displeasing thou relat'st.

Con. 2. Good *Drusus*, adde not water to the sea,
To make our sea of forrowes overflow.

Nerua. In vaine, in vaine, these puling signes of
griefe,
Effeminate waywardnes, inconstant mindes, 80
Vassailes to fortune, flaues to natures course;
Augustus dead, and so must all men die,
So worke the sisters of necelitie.
No person humane can eternall be,
But in succeffion hath eternitie.
Since then the'ternall prouidence of heauen,
Hath ratified *Augustus* Deitie,
We must prouide for his poore Widdow left,
Left to our patronage (the Common-wealth)
And you my Lord *Tiberius* the true heire 90
Of great *Augustus* by adoption,
With loyall homage and true fealtie,
We doe create our gratioues Emperour.

Tiber. And must my silence breake or heart
In the accepting of a double yoake? (dysolue
Not so *Cocceius* tis imposible
Poore soule for me or for my modeftie.
To sway th' imperiall Scepter of the world,
That of this world am not my Emperour,
One onely *Phænix* in *Arabia* 100

The Tragical life and death

Presents a sacrifice to heauens eye,
One onely *Atlas* by his prouidence
The glittering starrs of heauen can support.
One onely, one *Augustus*, onely he
Our Romane *Phœnix* fit for Emperie,
Who I? no, no, I know not what you meane,
An Emperour must wake, I drowsie am:
An Emperour must be valiant, I am old:
He must be iust, I may be ouer-rul'd:
Sole Monarch must he be, my mother liues:
And must, and shall be honoured while she liues. 110
An Emperour must be able to endure,
(In war) the winters frosts, and summers heate,
I feele a palfie rooted in my bones.
He must haue honie-dropping eloquence:
I for my part nere playd the Orator.
By this my Tribunes power well I know,
How many doubtfull cares he must endure
That taketh care to be an Emperour.
An Empire (Gods forfend) a goodly bait,
To fish for witleffe high aspiring fooles. 120
Humilitie perswades me to auoyde
A droppe of honie in a flood of Gall.
Lords trouble not my resolusion,
I dare not, can not, will not take the crowne.

Seia. By *Ioue* most gallantly dissembled: *Aside.*
Alas my Lord let tribute of our teares,
Plead for the orphan of our countryes state.
We know——

Ti. What do ye know? I know wel what ye know 130
Youle say the state is dolefull: so am I.
The state is now an orphan, so am I,
The state hath lost his head, and so haue I
My deare *Augustus*. *He faineth weeping.*
Sab. Why weepes *Tiberius* and will not cease?
And will not cease the weeping of the state?

Tib. Yes

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Tiber. Yes, yes, *Sabinus*, I will help my part,
There is Germanicus the hope of Roome,
Nero and *Drusus*, and *Caligula*.
These gallant blossomes of the goodly stemme, 140
Cocceius, *Titius*, and *Afinius*,
The spotlesse records of antiquitie.
These are fit actors for our Empires stage,
I for my part will act some little part,
Fit for my barren witte and leaden tongue,
And you my Lords share in equaltie,
The glorious Sceanes of Roomes faire Emperie.

Afi. Why then my Lord *Tiberius*, choose your part
The fruitfull *Sicily* or gold of Spaine,
The Arabian spices, or the Indian pearlles, 150
The English wels, or Vines of Italie:
The Palmes of Iury, or the Sithian Bathes,
Either *Ægyptian Isis*, or Roomes Ioue,
Memphis or Rome, Athens or Troynouant,
Large Citties, fertile foile, and gratioues Gods:
If these, or any other may content,
Within the Circuit of our Empirie,
My Lord, choose out your part, and leaue the rest
To be aslign'd at our discretion. *Seianus aside.*
O for a shift, now Lyon rouse thy selfe, 160
Or else for euer loose thy Lyons head.

Tib. May I *Afinius* choose? then this I choose,
To take no charge, for all I know is care,
Sicilians mutinous and Spaniards proud,
Arabians simple fooles, and Indians droyles,
Britons too rude, Italians too too wise,
Disloyall Sirians, superstitious Iewes,
Isis too far, and Ioue is plac'd too neare,
Memphis, and Rome, Athens and Troynouant,
All goodly Cities, but all dangerous, 170
By Ioue my hate hee deadly shall obtaine,
That bids me but to take a part againe.

The Tragical life and death

Affi. Not soe my Lord, you did misconster me,
I did not meane to make deuision
In the vnited Vnion of the Realme :
I did not meane to separate the Sunne,
To runne by peece-meale in the Zodiacke :
Nor dreame of multiplicite of soules,
Which one continued essence animates,
The heauens cannot mooue without a Sunne : 180
Nor can the heauens haue more Sunnes then one.

Tiber. *Affinius* I perceiue I did you wrong,
So to interpret your oration,
I am sorry, (troth I am) and if I liue
Ile recompence your mightie iniurie.

Neru. Will not *Tiberius* then accept the Crowne ?

Tiber. Why should *Tiberius* libertie be ceased ?

Neru. No, Princes haue the rule of libertie.

Tiber. If libertie in greatnessse did relie.

Neru. My Lord, my Lord, it is no time to iest, 190
Nor dallie it out in quoin'd Antithesis,
Emperour or no Emperour, will you the Crowne or
Nero, speake plaine, it is high time to knowe. (no ?

Tib. Take heed my Lords, be warie in your choise,
Leaſt after ſtormes controle your rafh attempt,
You are to choose but once, conſider well ;
After, all Subiectes to your Emperour.

If you conſtraine me to this doubtfull taske,
And I (as God forbid) ſhould change my minde,
Turning my pittie to a Lyons rage,

My ſnow white conſcience to a Scarlet dye.

Would not the Nations of the leſſer world

That are not ſubiect to our Emperie,

Deride your lunaticke election ?

And if ye ſhould but thinke amiffe of me,

Would they not laugh at your inconstancie ?

Take heede, take heede, in vaine ye will repent,

Being fore-warn'd, and yet would not preuent.

Sabin. My

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Sabin. My Lord, how long shall we wright in the
Or plough the ayre with vaine delusions? (sands, 210)
Our tongues are tyred, and our throates are hoarse,
And all in vaine we bend our suplyant knees,
Vassaile our idle thoughts of reuerence,
Subdue our mounting fancies to your loue,
And will not all this mooue *Tiberius?* (quest.

Ne. Ger. Good Grandsire graunt the Senatours re-

Dru. Ger. Grandsire, they speake in earnest, take
the Crowne.

Calig. Ger. Grandsire accept this golde, looke how
it shines! (220)

My thinkes it would become you passing fine.

Tiber. Deare Children, (old *Tiberius* eldest care)
My heart doth daunce to heare the melody,
That heauenly Confort tuned to mine eares,
Thanks my kinde kinf-men, noble Romains thãks
Euen from my heart, although my cares increase,
Constrain'd, yet gratefull for your kinde constraint,
Bound to receiue that which my soule abhors,
Enforc'd to honour which my yeares deny,
Inchain'd to rule, bane to my modestie. (230)
Yet were my cares in number infinite,
(For who can number all his cares hath none)
Should they showre downe in droppes of streaming
Muster in troupes of languishing dispaire, (blood
Swarme like to Bees, sting like to Scorpions;
Or like a flocke of Vultures gnaw my heart:
Yet these and more, and twice ten thousand more,
Old *Nero* will for Countries cause indure,
For you my Fathers, and for you my Sonnes.

Sound Trumpets, Nerua crowneth him.

240

Ner. Most mightie *Cæsar*, great *Tiberius*,
Euer *Augustus* Tribune of the State,
Perpetuall Dictator, Lord of Rome,

The Tragical life and death

Sole Consull for our conquered Prouinces,
Prince of the Senate in our policies,
Wee heere inuest your sacred Majestie,
In all the Ornamentes jmperiall,
Roomes and the worlds most glorious Emperour.

Omnes. Long liue *Tiberius* Roomes great Emperour.

Tiber. Like as an hartles fawne, enuironed 250

Within the circuit of the hunters crie,
So stand I (Romaines) wondring at your showtes.
These new alarum's quel my flumbring thoughts,
Chast to the Bay, I breathelesse panting muse,
To view the vnquoth glorie of the hunt.

Neuer could *Sparta* glorie of such pray,
As for to haue an Emperour at bay.

But noble Romaines, there's another Deare,
A gallant Roebucke, braue *Germanicus*:
Roomes shining Beacon in rude Germany,
Our deare adopted Sonne, our blessed care,
To him my Lords as zeale of my affection,
And signe of duetie to the common state,
We doe prorogue eight yeares Proconsulship.
On you *Afinius* we doe impose,
To be our Legate to *Germanicus*.

Tell him we loue him, (and be sure you doe)
Tell him we honour him (doe not forget)

We loue and honour deare *Germanicus*,
And would be ioyfull to beholde our Sonne,
Honoured in triumph at the Capitall.

But that we knowe the honour of his minde,
Disdaines to crop the blossomes of his fame,
Till it be flowred in his Summers pride,
And all the barbarous Germaines be subdu'd.
This doe *Afinius* and returne with loue,
In our new glorie, we thy honour proue.

Afini. My Lord, what ere *Afinius* honour proueth
His expedition shall declare he loueth.

Tib. Now

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Tiber. Now Fathers, we will to the Sacrifice, 280
Saluting all the Gods in visitation:

Let *Lectisternia* three daies be proclaimed,
The *Sibbels*, counsels, and *Flaminies*,
Janus shut vp, and *Vestaes* fier blaze,
Into the middle region of the ayre,
Wee all my Lords will to the Cappitoll,
In siluer seale, our records to enrole. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Plebeians, foure speakers. Sc. ii

1 Did you not see our new Emperour how brauely
he came from his Corronation? 290

2 Yes, twa's a gallat sight sure, but did you mark his
countenance? my thought tis mightily altred within
this fife or six quarters of a yere since I saw him last:

3 I, and I saw him goe to the Senate, and as you
say, my thinks hee is much altered, and lookest more
terrible a great deale.

2 I that same lookest I promise is an il signe, pray
God all be well.

4 Well, wee must hope the best, and thinke tis a
great change from a subiect to become a sufficient, 300
for simple as I stand heere, if I should chaunce to bee
chosen Emperour, I should assault my selfe highly I
can tell you, or any of vs all.

3 *Augustus* was a goodly man, and I hope hee has
left such a gracious sample, that *Tiberius* wil not for-
get himselfe.

1 Neuer talke of *Augustus* more, we shal neuer see
his like in Rome, vnlesse *Germanicus* might bee our
Emperour.

Om. O worthy *Germanicus*! hee's a flower indeed. 310

1 My maisters, let's talk no more of these State-mat-
ters, for I am afraid we haue said too much already, if
the Emperor should know of it.

2 You haue said wisely neigbour, for Emperors see
& heare all that they desire: I haue heard my father
tel my mother so, they haue millions a Spirits that
tels them all.

3 I care

The Tragical life and death

3 I care not, I faide nothing, but prайде God hee
might be no worse th  *Augustus*, that was no harme:

4 Well, let vs part vpon this that hath been said, 320
and lets keepe one anothers counsels, and take heed
heereafter.

Exeunt.

Enter Germanicus with Centurion Soldiers.

Sc. iii

Ger. Well followed Tribunes, gallant Gentlem ,
Thus are these hearts chac'd to their lurking dens,
That brayed like Asses in their Lyons skinne.
Worthy Centurion, thou whose might did breake
The triple ranges of our dangerous foes,
Whose well way'd buckler tooke so many darts,
As seem'd to cloud the sunne with multitude : 330
Accept the honour of a Gentleman,
Crown'd with the triumph of victorious spoyles,
This Crowne thus pleated of the verdant grasse,
Thy high vplifted head shall more adorne,
Then all the honour of proud Germany.

Centu. Noble *Germanicus* a Romaine heart,
Hath by inheritance a mounting spirit,
Did not great *Coriolanus* so aduaunce,
The mellow fruite of his old withered stocke ?
Did not three hundeth *Fabij* all at once, 340
In one day breath, war, vanquish, fight and dye,
All to maintaine the honour of their name ?

So did *Marius* in *Numidia*,
And happie *Scylla* vnder *Scipio*.
With what alacritie did *Sceuola*,
Encounter *Porsenes* torture, death and fire,
All to maintaine the honour of their name,
And should not I hazard this blaze of life,
This rising bubble, this imprisoned soule,
This changing matter, this inconstanct act, 350
For Countrie, friends, and honour of my name ?

Enter

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Enter a Page.

Page. My Lord, heere is a Legate sent from Rome,
Which craues acceſſe vnto your Majestie.

Ger. Let him draw neare: Cofen *Aſinius*!

Enter Aſinius.

Welcome my noble friend to *Germanie*,
Aſin. All happineſſe vnto *Germanicus*,
I haue a ſecret message to impart,
If please your Grace of priuate patience.

360

Ger. Tribunes looke to the 4. gates of the Campe

See that the trenches bee inchaneld deepe,
Send out our ſcouts, if they can ſpie the Foe,
Number their Cohorts and their Legions:
Comfort the maimed, burie all the dead,
Refresh your bodies, for to morrow morne
We meane to ſcoure this vanquifh't region:

away—

Exeunt.

Now good *Aſinius*, tell *Germanicus*

The fuliſtance that your message doth import.

370

Aſin. Were I not now to ſpeake vnto your Grace

My tongue ſhould play the Rethoritian,
And in graue precepts ſtrive to moralize,
Or make a long diſcourse of patience,
Adding a crooked ſign'd Parenthesiſ,
Of puling ſorrow twixt each ſipred line.

But for *Aſinius*, knowes your fetled minde
So nurſt in flowing ſtreames of conſtancie,

Aſinius doth reporte *Augustus* death,
I will not common place of mortall men,
Nor of his vertue, nor his Noblenesse,
Nor *Solons* graue aduife ſhall be my Theame:
I know I ſpeake vnto *Germanicus*,
Besides, *Tiberius* is our Emperour.
He faith he loues you, and to ſhew his loue,
Hath your proconsulſhip eight yeres prorogu'd.

380

C

Enter

The Tragical life and death

Enter the Centurion which was crowned.

Cent. Germanicus and graue *Afinius*,
Awake from counsell, all are in vprore,
Our Germane Legions are all mutinous. 390
And crie *Germanicus* our Emperour,
Germanicus our noble Emperour.
They make a Throne of tufts, and then they crie,
Germanicus shall be our Emperour.

Germ. A world of cares at once assault my soule,
I am distracted, harke, the mutinies.

They crie within, and exeunt omnes.

Enter Tiberius, Iulia, and Seianus.

Sc. iv

Tib. Impute it not vnto vngratefulnesse,
(Imperious *Augusta* of great Rome,
And which doth touch me nearer dearest mother,
That *Nero* hath deferd indebted thankes,
Eqiualent vnto your high deserts. 400
I can not (mother) set your praise to sale,
Or Orator it with a glosing tongue,
Graced with picked phrases, glorious speech,
Choice Synonimies, pleasing Epithites,
Paged by apish action, toying gesture,
Mother I hate this tip-tongued flatterie,
Better is me, be as you see me now,
Thankfull in outward deeds, than outward shew,
But forward mother with your former tale. 410

Iulia. No sooner the vncontrolled fates,
Exilde his life, and with his life our care,
But that *Seianus* from whose faithfull tongue,
(As from *Apollas* tru-fent Oracles,
We chiefe deriue the drift of our affaires)
Poasted like to the Palphraies of the Sunne,

To

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

To Roades where thou in exile didst remaine,
There to enforce thee of *Augustus* death,
The Empires vacancie, and thy repeale.

420

Tib. My tongue denies to blazon in harsh words
Deare friends the thankfulnesse my heart affords.

Iulia. Meane while had I not with great policie,
Buried in silence great *Augustus* death,
And in the closet of my care-sworne brest,
Embosomed the notice of the same,
Shewne vnto thee, smothered to vulgar fame,
Bar'd from the base Plebeians itching eares,
A Castrell had possest thy Eagles nest.
And thou the Eagle hadst beene dispossess.

430

Seia. But now that Castrel in his course is stopt,
Clift are his pinions of ambitious flight :
Nor shall he hope to sit where *Nero* soares.

Tib. Were he t he issue of eternall *Ioue*,
Or farre more fortunate in his succeſſe,
Then was *Alcides*, or faire *Thetis* sonne,
More happie in the offspring of his loynes
Then *Priam* in his childrens multitude,
Yet would I bridle his aspiring thoughts,
And curbe the reynes of his ambition.

440

Seia. Wel can he braue it in his barbarous armes,
Against th' oppugning force of Germanie,
And stranger nations of the farthest North,
Whose hearts like to their Climate hard congeald,
Are frozen cold to Romes felicitie.
A creſted Burganetto more fits him,
Then to ingirt his Temples with a Crowne.

Tib. Therefore in policie by thine aduise,
Vnder pretext of honourable minde,
We deligated to *Germanicus*,
Asinius Gallus into Germanie,
With twice foure yeares prorogued Consulſhip.

450

Iulia. Which of necessitie he must accept,

The Tragical life and death

Sith hope of higher honour is forestald.

Tiber. Tis true, for what he aim'd at, I enioy :
This was th' attractiue Magnes of his hopes.

Seia. To which how hardly did you feeme allur'd
With such denyall you refused it :
Making a Commentarie on the Crowne, 460
With oh ! the duetie of an Emperour,
How warie, watchfull, wife he ought to be,
How drowsie, and improvident you were,
With heaping vp a storie of what cares
They vndergoe, that vndertake to rule,
So grac'd with sundrie squemish subtilties,
As *Mercurie* himselfe (the God of witte)
Might haue admir'd, but not haue matched it.

Tiber. Yet did that *Argus* eyed *Afinius*,
Both marke and bluntly mate me in my drift, 470
With, choose your part my Lord in Britany,
Or heyday, where you will, so not in Rome,
but by my Genius ile remember —

Iulia. I, had not wife *Afinius* vttered it.
Tiber. Had me no had-nots, nor *Afinius*
Can so ore cannopie his close conceite,
But I will know the Panther by his skinne.
Nor am I ignorant of his great loue
He beares vnto the proud *Germanicus*,
How euer clowed in hippocresie. 480

Seian. I, that *Germanicus* holds al their hearts, (hope
Iuli. No meruaile, for they call him Roomes chiefe
Seia. And some did say he should be Emperour,
In spite of Iulia and hir exilde Sonne,

Tiber. But neither *Iulia* nor her exilde Sonne,
Would haue endured such competitors.
Nero will brooke no riuall in his rule,
Vnlesse it be th' emperious *Iulia*,
To whome the law of nature bindes *Tiberius*
So firme obligeid in obedience, 490

As

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

As all the attributes of Majestie,
Rome, or the world, or *Nero* can affoord,
I deeme too meane a tribute for her loue.
Whose loue first lent the essence of my life,
Whose life doth only make me loue to liue.

Iulia. Enough my sonne.
Sufficient presidents of dutious minde,
We oft haue proued and approued oft,
And for our part neuer did *Hecuba*
Bare so great loue to all the sonnes she bare, 500
As *Iulia* doth to one *Tiberius*.

Tib. Mother, I do confessē and know it true,
But in the infancie of our estate,
More priuate consultation better fits,
We and *Seianus*, will into our studie.

Iulia. And we into our walking Gallerie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Germanicus solus.

Sc. v

Germ. I haue dispatcht *Asinius* to Rome,
With thankes to *Nero* and the Senators.

O Roome ! 510

Augustus dead, *Tiberius* Emperour,
The Romaine Senate glozing flatterers,
The Legions discontent and mutinous :
The Pretors tyrants in their Prouinces :
The Nauie spoil'd, vnrig'd, dismembred :
The Cittie made a brothell house of sinne :
Italians valour turn'd to luxurie.

The field of Mars, turn'd to a Tennis-court,
Mineruaes Olie to the Mirtle tree,
Appolloes Laurell, vnto *Bacchus* Vine, 520
High *Ioue* contemnd, and *Vestaes* Tapers scornd :
The Oracles dispis'd, the *Sibbils* bookees
Esteem'd as superstitious delusions :
The Orient vp in armes and *Piso* fled,

The Tragical life and death

The *Gallogretians* proud for to rebell,
Affricke in vprore, *Asia* in braules.
And these rude Germaine-kernes not yet subdued,
Besides a new deuis'd Religion,
Of the inconstant Iewes cal'd Christians :
Our sacred Oracles some are stroke dumbe, 530
And some fortolde of Romes destruction :
Vocall *Boetia* in deepe miseries,
And *Delphian* glorie in obscurenesse lies,
A Geminied *Phœbus*, a three doubled moone,
A whirling Commet, flashing in the ayre,
A Wolfe ascended to the Cappitoll :
The Temple blasted of fidelitie :
A common Harlet to bring foorth a Beare,
O Gods! my heart doth quake, my soule doth feare.

Enter a Page.

540

Page. My Lord, the scoutes discouered the wood,
Wherein the Germanines doe in ambush lie.

Ger. Sirra, goe tell them I will scarre the Crowes.

Page. My Lord.

Exit.

Ger. Boy, trouble not my Meditations,
What should I spend my time to scarre these crowes,
When there's a cole-blacke Rauen pearcht so high?

Germanicus, soare thou an higher pitch,
Towre like a Larke, and like an Eagle mount,
Till thou hast seaz'd vpon thy pray : for why? 550
The Legions loue thee, hate *Tiberius* :

Honour thy vertues, scorne his cowardise,
Extoll thy meekenesse, and reuile his pride :
Pray for thy happinesse and cursse his daies,
My Father *Caius* : his was *Claudius*,
I am of *Cæsar*, he of *Julia* :
I heire by nature, he but by adoption :
Rome saw thee honoured, *Rhodes* him bannished,

He

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

He tam'd the Foxes of Illiria,
But I the Lyons of proud Germanie. 560
And this were cause enough, were there no other:
I by *Augustus* made, he by his mother.
But thou art heire imperall to the state:
But he that lookes for death may hope to late.
Yet hope *Germanicus*, good hopes a treasure,
But he that hopes for meate, may starue at pleasure.
I, but *Tiberius Nero*'s verie olde,
But young enough to liue to see thee fold.
I, but he loues thee for *Augustus* sake,
Augustus gone, the match ts new to make. 570
But fince his death, thy power he hath augmented,
I, that at Rome my power might be preuented:
He sent thee word he loues thee, so I thinke:
Who would not loue the wine he meanes to drinke?
He honours thee (he said) and so I deeme,
Who would not of the fattedt Goate esteeme?
Impatient furie flye *Germanicus*,
How is thy reason dimn'd with clowdie passion?
Proud swelling dropfie, euer gnawing worme,
Infatiate vulture, vile ambition, 580
Deluding Sirene, where's *Germanicus*?
The Legions loue thee not for to aspire,
Thy vertue shines not in oppression;
No honour in ambitious aray:
No meekenes in a traytors happines,
Thy Father got thee not for to rebell,
Nor *Cæsar* did abet thy treacheries,
By nature heire, then be thou naturall,
Rome saw thy honour, change not liuerie,
But make thy haruest vp in Germanie. 590

Enter a Page.

Page. My Lord the Tribunes sent me to your grace
To know your royll pleasure in the case.

Germ. What,

The Tragical life and death

Ger. What, haue they chas'd the foe, and I delay ?
Runne *Caius*, flie for hast, away, away.

*Enter Caligula at one end of the stage, and Seianus at the Sc. vi
other end below. Iulia at one end aloft, and
Tiberius Nero at the other.*

Cal. I am a foole, I am *Caligula*,
Suppos'd and idiot, and am so indeed, 600
For he that will liue safe must seeme a foole.

Iulia. Am not I Emprefse, and shall I be control'd.
Am I *Augusta*, and shall I not rule ?
Haue I made him to raigne, and shall I stoope ?
Is he my sonne, and am not I his mother ?
Tiberius thou shalt know a womans hate,
Exceedeth bounds, and neuer can haue date.

Tib. How am I Emperour and my mother rule ?
Is she the Sunne, shall I the shadow be ?
I but the smoake, and shall she be the fire ? 610
I but a bare imagination,
And she the image that is honour'd ?
I but the *echo*, shall she be the sound ?
A plague vpon her, I will her confound.

Seia. Thus will I do : nay thus, nay villaine thus
Poifon *Tiberius* : I but *Germanicus*,
The Emperour and his mother seeme to iarre.
Fight Dog, fight Cat, for both your sports ile marre
But *Nero* loues me : so did my mother to,
And yet I brake her necke in honestie. 620
Mother forgiue me, ile doe so no more,
Yet if a thoufand mothers necks would ferue
To get me to be Emperour of Rome,
By heauens I would not leauue one necke aliue,
And to be sure that they shoulde all be broke,
Ide hire some honest ioynter them to set,
And breake them ouer twentie thousand times,

And

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

And for to recompence his worthy paine,
Ide make him set his owne nine times againe.

Caligu. I laugh to see how I can counterfeite, 630

And I should blush, if that Germanicus,

My father, my dissembling should beholde

He knowes I am a Soldier, not a foole :

My mother was deliuered in the Campe,

And in my swadling cloathes, I chac'd the Foe,

My Cradle was a Corflet, and for milke

I battened was with blood : and fed so fast

That in ten yeares I was a Collonell.

My mother knew this, but she deemeſ me chang'd

Poore woman in the loathſome Romiſh ſtewes,

O Mother, I am chang'd : but wherefore ſoe ?

Caligula of *Caligula* muſt not knowe.

Iul. Shall I call him a Baſtard ? true it is,

But *Iulia*, then thou dooſt thy ſelfe the wrong.

Say that he was *Augustus* murtherer,

Yet ther ein *Iulia* thou wert counſeller,

How then ? a vengeance on his cursed head,

So he were murther'd wou'd that I were dead.

Vile Monſter that I am, to perrish loath,

Yet heauen's raine brimſtone and conſume vs both, 650

I am impatient, yet I muſt diſſemblē. *Exit Iulia.*

Tiber. She is my Mother, I muſt honour her :

She is my Ladie, I muſt ſhew her duetie :

She is moſt wife, worthie of reuerence :

I but the hag is moſte ambitious,

Shee muſt haue Priſteſ forſooth, and *Flaminies*,

To ſacrifice vnto her Majeftie,

She muſt checke *Nero*, I and ſchoole him too ;

As he were prentife to hir tutorſhip,

She muſt incorporat free Denizens :

Or elſe ſheeſe ſcold and raile, & ſnarle and bite,

And take vp *Nero* for his luſtineſſe.

Well, let her ſcolde, and rayle, and ſnarle and byte,

D

Nero

660

The Tragical life and death

Nero will mannage well the haggard kite,
I will by *Ioue*, I will, yet I must feeme
As though my mother I did most esteeme. *Exit Tib.*

Sei. He that wil clime, and aime at honours white,
Must be a wheeling turning pollititian :
A changing Proteus, and a seeming all,
Yet a discoloured Camelion

670

Fram'd of an ayrie composition :
As fickle and vnconstant as the ayre :
Fit for the Sunne to make a Raine-bow in,
By each new fangled reflection,
Rul'd by the influence of each wandring starre,
Waxe apt to take each new impression.
With wisemen sober, with licencious, light :
With proud men stately, humble with the meeke :
With old men thirftie, and with young men vaine :
With angrie, furious, and with mild men calme :
680

Humerous with one, and *Cato* with another :
Effeminate with some, with other chaste,
Drink with the Germain, with the Spaniard braue :
Brag with the French, with the Ægyptian lie,
Flatter in Creet, and fawne in Græcia.
This is the way, *Seianus* vse thy skill,
Or this, or no way must thou get thy will.
If thou dooſt meane the Empire to obtaine,
Sweare, flatter, lye, difſemble, cog, & faine. *Exit. Se.*

Calig. *Caligula*, why doth thy flumbring soule,
690 Thus dreame within thy common fences manſion ?
Awake for shame, flye to Germanicus,
Ring in thy Fathers eares a peale of sorrow,
Vncaſe this follye, and vnmaske this face,
That hath enueloped *Caligula*.
But ſee my mother, *Agripina* comes
With valiant *Drufus*, and *Ner* my wife brother,
Caligula's now a Foole, in faith no other. *Manet.*
Enter

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Enter Agripina with her two Sonnes, Drusus
and Nero.*

700

Agr. Why then my Sons, *Tiber.* weares the crown:

Dru. I mother, and hee sweares heele keepe it too.

Ner. Ger. And reasoun brother hath he so to doe.

Dru. What reasoun brother hath he but his will?

Nero. Will may be reasoun, if heele keepe it stll.

Dru. And shall he raigne? a base Plebeian.

Ner. He was adopted a Patritian.

Dru. So may I choose my horse to be my Page.

Nero. Good brother calme your furious swelling

We gaue our voices in his election, (rage, 710)

nay Brother strome not, here me what I fay,

Did not we sweare loyall fidelitie,

within the Capitoll vnto his grace?

Did we not both at Vestaes sacred shrine,

Pray for the safetie of his Majestie?

And wilt thou *Drusus* now recall thy oath,

Recall thy vowes, recall thy prayers infence?

Remember *Drusus*, what so ere he be,

Now he is crown'd al's past recouerie. (you know

Dru. Crown'd, I, and may be discrown'd for ought 720)

How fay you mother, may it not be so?

Cal. This ti's to be resolu'd my gallat Brother. *afar*

How hardly can I my affections smother? *off.*

Agrip. Young Impes of honour, in you both I finde

A noble way to vertuous resolution:

In thee my *Nero*, wisdomes treasurie:

In thee my *Drusus*, magnanimitie,

In both, your fathers honorable minde.

Speake faire my Sons (awhile) vnto *Tiberius*,

Vntill the tryumph of Germanicus:

Then be resolu'd——

The cause is honorable, feare no ill.

But Oh my Sonnes! yonder's *Caligula*

Capring: he takes no heede of higher thinges,

730

The Tragical life and death

Ile call him hether, and see what he saies:

Caligula, come hether gentle Sonne,

How doost thou like the great *Tiberius*?

Cal. Faith hee's a braue man Mother, and his par-
rell is fit, and he has a fine Crowne of golde, and all
this makes him but a braue mā, for what would you 740
haue in a braue man but he may haue it?

Agrip. Well, well my Sonne, youle neuer leaue
your toies.

Calig. Why Mother, he can turne aboue ground,
turne on the toe, turne euerie way, what should I say
more?

By heauen a braue man.

Nero. And what can you doe Brother, let vs see?

Cal. Faith Brother I am not in the humour, and
braue men can doe nothing without it bee in an hu- 750
mour.

Drus. Come let vs leaue this humorous Gentlema.

Agrip. Farwell *Caligula*.

Exeunt. Agr. Drus. & Nero

Caligu. I, I warrant you, for ile sup at Court to
night.

Farewell Mother, bretheren both farewell,

Whome I admire in such deuotion:

But dare not trust. *Drusus* I know thee well,

And loue thee dearely, for thy high resolues,

But dare not trust thee. *Nero* I applaud

Thy wisdome, but it wants a resolution.

Nero and *Drusus*, beware the braine-sicke foole

Caligula, set you not both to Schoole. *Exit.*

Enter Iulia, Tiberius, and Seianus.

Sc. vii

Iulia. Heard ye not with what general applause,
Afinius was welcommed to Rome?

At his returne from barbarous Germany,

How many greedie eares did glut themselues,

With

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

With hearing newes of their Germanicus?

770

How many greedy tongues in labour were,
To blazen foorth the trophies of his praise?

Tiber. Not *Priams Hector* from the flying Greeks,
Whome he had chased from the Terrhene shore,
Return'd with greater expectation,
Then laden with the spoiles of Germaine foes,
The people long to see Germanicus.

Seia. Not onely the Plebeians, but the Equites,
Do reuerence him within their inward thoughts,
as if the Vassaile were a demie God.

780

Tiber. And rightly marry, for if *Nero* liue,
Nero shall deifie him to the full.

Seia. But if you suffer him on honors wings,
To soare vp higher in ambitious flight,
Borne on the tempest of the peoples tongues:
Tis tenne to one, heele neuer stoope to lure,
To keepe him short, is onely to be sure.

Julia. Let vs commaund him, vpon paine of death,
Not to approach within our cittie walles,
But either to dismisse his Soldiers,
Or on the plaines pitch his Pauillions.

790

Tiber. No marry mother, not for all the world,
Why? it were omminous: Romes walles engirt,
With armed garrisons of greatest foes,
Vnpolitiquely counseled in my minde,
Administiring too fit occasion,
For to suspect and feare a foule pretence.
And further, that the base *Plebeians*,
As wauering, and inconstant in their loues,
as is thee changing Laconiades:

800

Who hearing but a muttering of our driftes,
Would like a world of riuers to the maine,
Flow to Germanicus by multitudes,
Whose fwelling pride, by their repaire encrease,
Will ouerflow the bankes of loyaltie.

The Tragical life and death

Mother this was but shallow pollicie,
But who'st that interrups our conference ?

Enter Piso from Armenia.

Seia. It's *Lucius Piso*, Pretor of *Sirria*.

Tiber. Welcome to Rome, and olde *Tiberius*.

810

What newes in *Sirria*, and *Armenia* ?

With all our Orientall Prouinces :

Pif. Peace hath resign'd her rome to bloody warre,
Whilst *Mars* the furie-breathing God of armes,
Knits vp his fore-head in a fearefull frowne
And in the furrowes of his foulded browes,
Displaies the fable Ensigne of sad death,
Vpon the spacious Armenian plaines,
And all the orient in rebellious pride,
(Threatning destruction, to our westerne world) 820
Doe seeme to challenge vs in daring armes.

Tiber. Who is the Head in this rebellion ?

Pif. The cheife controler of these warlicke troupes
Is vncontrold Vonones on whose Crest :
Victorie seemes to daunce among his plumes,
His Burgonet and steele Habergeon,
Of bloody colour like vnto his minde,
Of visage sterne, broad brow'd, and hollow ey'd,
Looking as though he did comprise the world,
Within the complot of some stratagem. 830

Tiber. Ha ! what, so soone Armenia vp in armes,
Hast thou forgot thy wonted seruitude ?
Are Romanes vertues and their vigor done ?
Or dead with *Silla* that first conquered thee ?
Are all the stripes that strong *Lucullus* gaue,
Vnto thy neighbour Pontus and thy selfe,
Quite healed vp, without offensive scarre ?
are mightie Pompeies Tropheis quite forgot ?
Well, be it so : they blow rebellious flame,

And

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

And they shall feele the furie of the same, 840
Meane while, returne thou *Piso* to thy lodging,
Till fit occasion to employ thee hence. *Exit. Piso*

Seia. How likes your Maiestie this woful newes?

Iul. Like enough, he misliketh it enough.
Might *Iulia* counfell him, he shoulde reuenge it,
with more extreamitie of punishment,
Then angrie loue raign'd from the vault of heauen
Vpon his Throne-oppugning Briaris.

Tibe. I, soft and faire, firt stop our feares at home,
Then let Armenia feele the force of Rome. 850

Sei. Good counfaile, great *Tiberius*, knew we how.

Tiber. How? what are all our pollicies extinct?
Noe, be attentive, and ile tell thee how,
The head-spring stopt, the smaller founts will faile.
and thus our home bred feare Germanici,
Grounding their hopes vpon their fathers haps,
Take from his life their lights continuance,
His life therefore extinct, their light is done.

Iul. This is the thing that we confulted off,
But to no purposé yet. 860

Tibe. Yes Mother yes,
By this occasion of the Armenian wars,
an opportunitie is offered vs,
Both to reuenge and rid vs of our foes.
This Vsurer of fame Germanicus,
(Who gapes as greedily for faire renowne,
As doth a niggard for a showre of golde.)
No sooner shall returne to Rome,
Grac'd with the tryumphes of his victories,
But by my pollicie, and faire pretext, 870
We will conclude it in the Senate house,
That for the safetie of Romes tottering state,
Germanicus must to Armenia,
Where hee shall fall by fierce Vonones sword,
Or if he scape, weele so determine it,

As

The Tragical life and death

As loue to Saturne, shall resigne his Throane,
and banisht from the Speare, where now he raignes,
Humble himselfe, below the horned Moone,
Before he shall returne to visite Rome.

Enter Drusus, Liuia, and Spado.

880

(iestie

Drus. Tiber: The Gods preserue your royll Ma-
Tibe. Good day vnto you Sonne and Liuia.

Iulia. Haue you attended long our comming forth?

Liuia. Not verie long my gracious Grandmother,
But hearing you were in close conference,
It had beene rudenesse to haue interrupted yee.

Tiber. We were indeede in consultation,
about affaires of speciall secrecie,
But where fore-lookes our Sonne so sad this morne? 890

Drus. Tiber. Hath not the clang of harsh *Armenian*
The ratling sound of Clarions & Drums, (troupes
Thundred into your eares a deepe reuenge?
The Orient doth shine in warlike steele,
and bloody streamers waued in the ayre,
By their reflexions die the plaines in red,
as omminous vnto distractiue wars,
as are the blazing Commets in the East.

Tiberi: We haue both heard, and eke consulted of
The whole effect: of which our conference, 900
VVe shall at fitter time relate to thee.
Meane while lets make our preparation,
against th' arriuall of Germanicus,
VWho meanes to morrow for to Royalize,
The triumphes of his Germaine victories.

Exeunt Tiberius, Iulia, and Drusus

Manet Seianus & Liuia, & Spado.

Seian. Madame, a word with your good Ladiship.

Liu. So please it your good Lordship, so ye may.

Seia. But

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Seian. But shall I speake my mind without cōtrol? 910

Liuia. I haue no patten to controll you fir.

Seian. But will ye not be angry if I doe?

Liuia. That's as your selfe shal giue me cause therto

Seia. But say my tung should fault before I find it?

Liuia. If lightly I would passe it, and not mind it.

Seia. What if I should offend with hearts aſſent?

Liuia. The offence ſhuld pardoned be if you repēt

Seia. Thinketh my Lady as ſhe ſayth to me?

Liuia. No other wayes my Lord. But well I ſee

By theſe your long circumlocutions, 920

Your buſineſſe is of ſmall import with me.

Seia. Of more import (sweet Lady) then my life.

Liuia. A matter of more waight then I muſt know.

Seia. Yet muſt you know it or I muſt not be.

Liuia. Can *Liuia* then impart a remedie?

Seia. I, if ſhe pleafe to ſalue my maladie.

Liuia. What ſalue ſhould *Liuia* to your ſore apply?

Seia. Pitties quintefence, and ſoft clemencie.

Liuia. Strange ſore, ſtrange ſalue.

Seian. Yet not ſo ſtrange as true.

Liuia. I pittie it: God ſend you eafe, adue.

Seia. Yet heare me gentle Lady ere you part,
To tel my paine doth ſomewhat eafe my heart.
And to be graced with attentue heede,
To Louers doth eſpeciall comfort breedē.

Liuia. Then is my Lord a Louer?

Seian. You haue read.

Liuia. How wonderfully metamorphoſed?

Seian. More wonders can ſhe worke that wrought
Able to change the chafteſt vtcan. (my bane, 940)

Liuia. What, is your Goddeſſe then a Sorcereffe?

Seian. The firſt, but then the latter nothing leſſe.

Liuia. You ſaid ſhe vſed charming ſorceries:

Seia. Onely the inchantments of her Criftall eies,
Which had they glaunced on enamoured *Toue*,

The Tragical life and death

While Io liu'd *Ione*, would haue beg'd her loue,
and spite of *Juno*, *Hebe* and *Ganimede*,

She onely shoulde haue grac'd Theatates bed,

Liu. Pearelesse belike, and fit to be a Cowe,
Farewell *Seianus*, I must leaue ye nowe.

950

Seia. Deare Madam, one word more, and then far-

Liu. Be briefe *Seianus* then. (wel

Seia. Beauties faire cell,

The heauenly Panomphea of our daies.

Liu. Nay, then I am gone, if you begin to praise.

Seia. By these bright shining Tapers thy faire eies
The guiding Planets of *Seianus* life,

Which beautifie the heauen of thy face,

With farre more glorious admiration,

Then chast *Dictinua* or *Latonaes* Sonne,

960

But one word more (deare soule) and I haue done,

By this faire braunch, sprouted from fairer tree,
Enamuled with Azure Riuers,

Blew coloured vaines, which euerie waies disper'st,

In kinde embraces clip thy tender hand.

Liu. Villaine, let goe, gripe not my hand so hard.

Seia. How can I chosse, sith you do gripe my heart?

Liu. Let goe my hand, or I will haue thy head.

I gripe thy heart villaine as thou art!

Sei. I, in your louely, but obdurate brest.

970

Liu. In my brest! though it were there indeede,
I would vnrip my breast, and teare it out.

Seia. Yet for your selues sweet sake to self be kinde
Soe faire a frame holdes not so foule a minde.

But Madame, leauing off this angrie moode,

In fadnessē would you graunt, if you were woo'd.

Liu. Blast not my name with lustfull infamie,
For if thou do, by heauen I wil — *She puls his rapier*

Seia. Lady, these handes were neuer made to brā-
dise steele.

980

Li. Could I but get it, thou should'st quickly feele.

Seia. Fye

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Sei. Fye Lady, fye, what, turn'd a Soldier?
If you be so resolu'd, let this be war. *He kisseth her.*

Liu. Vnciulie, by violence! *Spado* I am wrong'd.

Sp. By Ioue, or aske forgiuenes for thy fault,
Or I wil sheath my Rapier in thy heart. *Sp. draweth.*

Sei. Put vp, put vp, Pigmy hold, I say put vp:

Seianus giueth Spado his purffe.

What wilt thou kill thy Ladies parramour?

Liu. Leaden resolued coward, let me see't, 990
I will phlebotomize his lustfull blood.

She taketh the Rapier.

Seia. That haue ye done alreadie by your spight,
And now accept this sacrifice. *He swoundeth.*

Spa. O cruell plight!

Liu. Yet will I breath another life into him,
Or burie him within this Sepulcher:

Spado, helpe, helpe, for Gods sake holde his head,
See how the teares congealed in his eyes,
Doe make me see my shame that was vnkinde, 1000
Good gentle heart, I should haue pardoned him.

Seia. Faire *Proserpine* }
I am a Louer. ————— }

Liuia. See how his idle soule,
Not quite diffeuered from his Arteries,
Makes him dreame vainely of Elizium:

Seianus:

Seia. Who cal's that name, *He liftes himselfe vp,* &
The verie index of al misery? *Liuia flyeth backe.*

Liu. I am a shamed for I was too nigh. 1010

Seia. Ah Lady, I did dreame that you did grant me

Liu. What shall I say? words faile me to deny him,
Seianus dreame thou still that I did graunt——

Seia. But dreames without effectes bee but vaine
hopes.

Liuia. No more was your's, yet dreame you stil
in hope.

The Tragical life and death

Seia. But shall my hopes succeede?

Liu. I will not promise.

Seia. But performe indeed. *Exit Liuia & Spado.* 1020
Manet Seianus solus.

Seia. Wrong me not shallow Pollititians,
By misinterpreting my actions :
A farther reach is in Seianus head,
Then to adulterate a Princes bed.
Not lust, nor loue, but hate and iniurie,
Inspire me with profounder pollicie.
Vnder this vale of loue inuelloped,
Tis not a kisse : an Empire tis I seeke,
An opportunitie to claime the crowne,
And fit occasion to wreake reuenge,
Vpon her husband for his iniuries.

Drusus, the boxe on the eare thou gaueſt me,
Becomes the Prologue of thy Tragedie.
Meane while, let this suffice : for my intent
Is onely for to loue this instrument,
As did *Vlisses, Troyes Paladium,*
Not for it ſelfe, but Troyes deſtruction.
But whiſt *Seianus* priſon vp thy tongue,
Now to the tryumphes, I haue ſtaid too long.

1030

1040

Enter Germanicus in Tryumph with the Arch-flamines Sc. viii
before him, Tiberius on his right hand, Asinius and Sabi-
nus : next Iulia, Agripina, and Liuia, then Nero,
Drusus and Caligula, Germanici : then Seianus and
other Senators, then the Captaines of Germani-
cus with his Soldiers and Prisoners : they
crowue him with Crownes and Gar-
lands according to the Cuft-
ome, and all crie.

Omnes. Long liue victorious Germanicus,
In glory Royallize.

1050

Ner. Archſt. Noble

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Ner. Archfla. Noble Germanicus, whose winged
Swift glyding through the frozen Germany, (fame,
Hath brought vs newes of thy faire victories,
Thou that doest equalize in honors Titles,
The elder Scipio, noble Africcan,
And younger Scipio Asiaticus,
Paulus Emilius of proud Macedon,
Flaminiae conquest, and Metellus glorie :
Old Fabius wisdome and Marcellus furie,
Renowned Gracchus, gallant resolution,
Braue man at armes vnfold thy Victories,
Which heauens themselues do seeme to solemnize.

1060

Ger. First to the Gods the Authors of my good,
I sacrifice the infence of my thankes.
Next vnto you my Lord imperiall,
I wish eternitie of happinesse.
All you that weare the snowie liuerie,
Of long experiance worthie Senators :
And you the flowring blossomes of faire Rome,
My verie essence, valiant Soldiers all
Louing Quirites, loyall countriemen,
Faire Ladies, mirrors of the amazed world,
Embelished with royall chafttie ;
In all the circuite of my humble vowes,
I offer vp to *Ioues* protection.

1070

Since first my Lords I entred Germanie,
The fertile foile of base Rebellion,
Our Eagles twice nine times haue been displaid,
And twice nine times with Tropheis honored.
The barbarous Marshes on the southerne side,
Hailde downe three furious stromes of poysoned
Not Cicas torture bloody Scithian : (darts
Nor Craffus scourge, disembling Partheans,
Did euer rage in such tempestious showres,
But by the prowesse of our valiant Knights,
Who all alighted from their furious steedes,

1080

The Tragical life and death

We stil'd the hissing of these poysous Snakes,
Which all the neighbour countrie stinges to death,

Omnes. Long liue the valiant Germanicus.

1090

Ger. But on the northerne side of Germany,
Whereas th' Vsipites kept the plaine,
Impalled in a wildernesſe of wood,
VVal'd with a rockie mountaine in the East,
Back't with the sea ypon the northerne Coast,
Enchannel'd with a deepe intrenched meere.
Betwixt our Legions on the Southerne side,
These mew'd-vp Foxes in this Stratagem,
Deridēd all our Legions braueries.

Foure times with all our power we gaue assault,
To winne the passage of that daungerous meere,
Foure times repulſed by the quaking ground,
That trembling durſt not beare our Soldiers.

At length when Cinthia's borrowed waining light
Repai'd the eſſence of her brothers lampe,
Behinde the low defending of the hill,
I ſaw the Ocean farre rebattered,
As when the elder African in Spaine,
by ebbing Thetis ſcarred Carthage walles,
So by the flying backward of the maine,
The Foxes on the backe I ſaw engirt,
That thankes to Neptune for his clemencie,
They all adorne our royll victorie.

Omnes. Long liue the valiant Germanicus.

Ger. Next to th' Vsipetes were incamp't,
The Tubants houering on the Mountaines ſide,
That if our Legions approach't the hill,
They roule downe rocks of ſtone to murther them.
Vpon the hanging of the ſteepie Clift,
There was by nature plac'd a little groue,
But ſurely guarded for the Druides,
To ſolemnize their humane ſacrifice,
As in the fecond cruell punick warre,

The

1120

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

The tents of *Siphax*, and of *Hasdruball*,
Were all enflam'd by noble *Scipio*,
So by the burning of this little groue,
The mountaine quite consu'md where Tubants lay,
And they became our triumphs goodly pray :
But in the wood that borders on the mount,
The cruell Tigers hid their damned heads : 1130

The sauage *Agriuarij* kept their den,
Who ranging now & thē would snatch their pray,
Renting each ioynt, disfuering each part,
And neuer leaue till they had found the hart.
Not *Massagetes* were so cruell calld,
Nor Babilon was ere so strongly walld :
For since *Vsipetes* last confusio[n],
They made the sea a moate vnto the wood,
That great *Alcides* would haue wondered,
To see this Iland so enuironed. 1140

Hard by the Southerne frontire of the wood,
Danubiaes stremes swelling in proud disdaine,
Vnto the checker of the Ocean,
Muttering repaid his tributarie due.

There did I make my skilfull Pioners
To cut a trench from great *Danubius*,
That this new sea which walled in the wood,
Was now the graue of their perdition.

For when Danubiaes stremes did meet the maine,
The sauage *Agriuarij* all were drown'd,
But such as swam to vs we would not sleay,
That they might grace the honour of our day. 1150

Omnes. Long liue Victorious *Germanicus*,
Ger. Twice did we meet the Buckstars in the field,
And fortie thousand quite were vanquished
Of stiff-neckt *Chatti*, neuer yet contrould,
An hundred thousand perisht in one field,
Not *Cannas* nor the fields of *Pharsalie*:
So died in blood as was *Danubius*.

And

The Tragical life and death

And which my priuate ioy doth more obtaine,
Of all the Romanes were but ninetie flaine.

1160

This is the Theater of Germanie,
And these the countries which I conquered,
Now worthie Emperour I made a vow,
To dedicate my fword to *Ioues* protection.
If't please your Maiestie for to ascend,
Vnto the Senate where *Germanicus*,
Will all the secrets more at large discloſe:
Meane-while my followers I you dismiffe,

Exeunt the souldiers.

1170

And al my gracious friends with thanks I leaue,
Vntil our Country rights we doe performe,
Which done, *Germanicus* will foone returne.

Omnes. Long liue the valiant *Germanicus*:
Long liue *Victorius Germanicus*.

*Exeunt all in order to the Senate at one doore. Iulia
Agripina, Liuia, and Caligula, at the other. Ma-
net Nero, and Drusus Germanici.*

Nero. *Drusus* if you had beene so valerous
As ouer-boaſting in thy bumbast tearmes,
We might haue feald our league of amitie,
Now with *Tiberius* colde congealed blood.

1180

Drusus. And if thy bookiſh wiſdomē clarkly Art,
had armed beene with Romane resolusion,
I tell thee *Nero* Coward as thou art,
Tiberius ſhould not thus haue ſcapt our hands,
By *Ioue* my father was his coat of ſteale,
Plac'd betwixt my fword and him, or els—

Nero. Or els thou wouldſt haue fworne,
Volumes of ſix foote othes, but nere a blow.

1190

Dru. No more, my father comes.

Nero. Coward, I doe retort it in thy teeth.

Dru. Why *Nero*, brother, are ye mad?

Enter

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Enter Tiberius and Germanicus, Nerua, Sabinus, sc. ix
Asinius, Seianus, Piso, with other Senatours from the
Senate.*

Tib. I hope this sodaine businesse of the East,
Doth not agrate our sonne Germanicus.

Ger. My Lord the honour of my Countries cause,
doth counterpoize my sad affections.

1200

Tib. Farewell my honourable gallant sonne,
The hope of Rome, my deare Germanicus,
Piso farewell, remember well thy duetie,
Once more adue my deare Germanicus.

Seia. My Lord Germanicus the heauens conduct,
Your high resolues to happie victorie.

Exeunt Tiberius, Seianus, and Piso.

Ger. Thanks good *Seianus*, gentle friend farewel,

Nerua. My Lord Germanicus I much lament,

The strong rebellion of the Orient,

1210

My heart presageth what I dare not say,

Farewell Germanicus for now I dare not stay.

And yet I will: ah deare Germanicus!

How doth old *Nerua* wish thy companie?

And but my honour doth controule my will,

I would Germanicus—— farewel, farewel.

Ger. Nay good *Cocceius*, stay a little while,

To heare, the last perchance I ere shall tell thee,

So variable is the chunce of warre.

Vnto you three the patrones of my life,

1220

Nerua, Sabinus, and Asinius,

Vnto your patronage I recommend,

My Orphant children, and my widow wife,

Faire *Agripina*.

No more my Lord, let heauens tell the rest,

Remember your true friend Germanicus.

They embrace, and so part.

Exit Cocceius, and enter Piso.

F

Piso. Or

The Tragical life and death

Pif. My Lord 'twere time your busines were dif-
patcht,

1230

The iorney craues great expedition,
and date of your abode is wellnigh out.

Ger. Nor ought you to extenuate the same,
What though the Senate hath decreed it so,
Germanicus should giue adiew to Rome,
Before to morrowes Sunne salute the world,
Yet haue I some time to remaine therein,
Which being small, that small space let me spend,
To satisfie mine eyes with gazing on't,
Who for these many winters haue desir'd,
(Although in vaine) to resalute this place,
and now no sooner resalute the same,
But am constrained to bid it adiew,
It may be neuer to returne againe.

1240

Pif. It may be? nay that's sure *Speaking aside.*
The Senate hath decree'd, and it must be,
There's no resisting of necessitie.

Ger. Yet gentle Piso, suffer me to grieue,
If at nought else, yet at necessitie,
Too strickt for ouertoylde Germanicus,
Whose wearie limmes, require a longer rest
Then is one daies short intermission.
Yet were it Piso but an houres space,
Were all my bodie brus'd with bearing armes,
Yet would Germanicus beare it as he may,
and rather sinke vnder his armours weight,
Then leaue to weare it in defence of Rome,
To whome though Rome for harbour be deny'd,
Yet hath he roome in all the world beside:
Onely this respite, and I craue no more,
To giue my wife and Sonnes their last farewell.

1250

Pi. You may, & I wil cal thē presently.

Enter Nero and Drusus.

Ger. Do Piso & be honoured for this fauour.

But

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

But see thy sonnes Germanicus, thy sonnes,
Declaring by their angrie clowded frownes,
Some ciuill discord, or some discontents,
For shame my boyes, if so a Fathers power,
May haue predominance in sonnes dissent,
Cleare vp those clowdie vapors of your browes, 1270
That threaten stormes of dreadfull discontent.
Leaue off your ouer-daring menacys,
and tell the cause of your dissention,
Tell me, for I ought, must, and will know.

Ner. Onely this (father) caus'd our controuersie,
Going to the Capitoll to the Tryumph,
VVe saw a Kite vsurpe the Eagles place,
Wherat enrag'd, we cast our Falcons off,
and for mine, was not of such speedy flight
as was my Brothers, he began to chafe. 1280

Druſ. Patience herſelfe I thinke would be enrag'd,
To ſee a man ſo faintly Faulconer it.
For Father, had my Brother done his beſt,
VVe might haue taken downe the Haggard Kite.

Ger. VVhat, for ſo ſmall a matter fall at oddes ?
Fie, neuer violate true Brothers loue
By furious rages and diſtentious Iarres :
It not beſits your title, nor theſe times,
Sad time wherein (perhaps) my laſt farwell,
Is to be taken of my deareſt Sonnes, 1290
Whom, if I leaue distract in factious hate,
How can I hope to bid you once farwell,
Since faring as I ſee, you fare but ill ?
My time of residence is ſhort in Rome,
and yet too long, if long you diſagree,
Be reconciled therfore to your felues,
shake hands, embrace, be friendes, forget, forgiue :
why ſo my Sonnes, thus ſhould kind Brothers liue.
Now is my heart, diſburthened of great care,
To ſee you my deare Sonnes accord ſo well, 1300

The Tragical life and death

And though I straight must part, take this farewell
left with you as my testimoniall will.

Helpe, honour, cherish, loue each other still,
And thinke how oft you breake your amitie,
So oft you act your fathers Tragedie.

*Enter Caligula with a Racket and Tennis-ball
in his hand.*

Calig. Now a Gods name giue me a hand Ball,
For that a man may tosse against the wall,
Now vp, now downe, now flie, now fall,
Yet hath no danger therewith all.

Come brother, will you play a fet?

Germ. Crosse to my comfort, & thy fathers grief
Why dooſt thou ſtill continew in theſe fits?
What frantique humor hath bereft thy wits?
Cafte downe *Caligula*, caſt downe thy ball. (away)

Cali. Nay by Ladie Father, nay firſt take my life
Take vp my ball, lay downe my Ball, tush, tush,
To tennis with an Emperor is not worth a rush.
Where's neuer a stroake but all in hazard plaide. 1320
No Father, ile doe with it as poore men doe
With great mens iniurieſ, put it vp till time ferue.

Ger. Yet now at length, ceaſe to torment my ſoule
More ſcourg'd with forrow to behold thee thus,
Then Priam was to ſee his Illion burne.

Oh ſpeake like to thy ſelfe, ſpeake to my ioy,
More ioy vnto ioy-robd Germanicus,
Then was the Lidian *Cressus* dombe borne Sonne,
Stopping his Fathers execution.

Calig. Not for the world father, pardon me: no, no. 1330
What? play the blab before ſuch company?

Ger. What company's heere, onely but we three.

Cali. Mary too many fir, by he, and he.

Ger. Sonnies ſtand afide, while we conſer together

Cali. Nay far enough, we neede no counſellors.

Ger. Not

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Ger. Not on my blessing till our talke be done.

Cal. Then father loe, your Metamorphiz'd sonne,
Changed in wit, and in condition chang'd,
Whose hellish fit hath left at length to rage,
And plague my sences with a lunacie, 1340
Which hath made me to be esteem'd a foole,
And so I am, and deeme it best be so:
For he that would liue safe in brutish Rome,
Father, a foolish *Brutus* must become.
Ne blame me father, nor vpbraid me for't,
His was by policie, mine by extacie,
Which takes me euermore in companie.
Nor (but coniured by your reuerend commaund)
Could I haue halfe abstained from it thus.

Ger. The strangest fit that euer I haue knowne. 1350
Which how er'e strong, yet strie to bridle it,
Once giue repulse and you the conquest get,
But time cuts off our talke, my glasse is runne,
And date of my abode is almost done,
Say therefore how doth *Agripina* fare?
What makes her stay? how brookes she my depart?

Cal. Briefly to say (my Lord) with an ill heart,
For *Lucius Piso* with this balefull newes,
No sooner gaue her notice of your state,
And suddaine expedition to the East, 1360
But as if some *Torpedo* had her toucht,
A numming slumber rockt her sence asleepe,
And in a fwound fell downe betweene mine armes:
Then scarce remembryng how or where she was,
She lockt her winding armes about my necke,
And thinking me to be *Germanicus*,
She seald a thousand kisses on my lippes,
Each being steeped in a stream of teares:
And then she fighes, and straight begins to frowne,
Thrife she disloynd the cherries of her lips 1370
As if she meant to speake, and thrife she spake.

The Tragical life and death

Her voyce seem'd dead in labour with her words,
And onely rendered an abbortiue sound,
Till thrice recall'd at length recouered,
She fighed forth, ah deare *Germanicus*!
And wilt thou then so foone? What more she said,
Drown'd in the fluent Ocean of her teares,
Gasped a period to her abrupt speech.

Ger. Ah me! and doth she still continue thus?

Cal. Not now my Lord: for when as this was done, 1380
She wackt out of her flumbring extasie,
Receyuing refruption of her senses,
And then she blusht, and fighed, to see her errour,
And gan to frame excuses for her fault,
Promising speedily to come to you.

Enter Piso and Agripina.

Ger. And here she comes. My deare *Agripina*.

Agri. Most deare *Germanicus*.

Nero. Ah! see how th' extremitie of loyall loue,
Surceedes in passions of affection, 1390
as it denieth passage to their speech.

Dr. Curst be the authors through whose occasion
Happes the disfeuering of so sweet an vnion.

Nero. Faine would she bid him stay, faine say fare-
But feare and loue amaze her in misdoubt: (well,
She doubts to stay him, fearing to offend him,
She loues too well, too willingly to leaue him:

Ger. Enforct, I doome the sentence of my death,
For can I liue if parted from my loue
That art both essence of my loue and life? 1400
Enforc'd? I: yet not I, it is my tongue,
Ore-rul'd by too strict times necessitie,
makes me pronounce this loathed word, farewell.

Agri. Ill fare that word farewell, fince by farewell
I fare so ill: then bid me not farewell:
Yet wish I not thy stay my dearest Lord,

But

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

But that you would assent to one petition.

Be not inquistive, speake not at all,

Vnlesse when as you speake, you say I shal.

Ger. I shall my dearest deare, if so you shall
askē onely what shall be conuenient,
and indisparageable vnto our good:

1410

Which for I doubt not, speake I give consent.

Agri. Then in thy little lesse then banishment,

Refuse me not for thy companion,

and this with teares I beg for ratified:

Reuoke not what is promis'd, nor excuse

With arguments drawne from my sexe and life,

Too weak, too feeble, and vnfit for warre,

Or by relating all the miseries,

1420

Long trauels, dangerous toyles, misfortunes, wants;

For all the ills that issue out of warre,

I haue them past, or passe not what they are.

Witnesse this liuely Image of thy selfe,

Of whom I was deliuered in the campe,

Bellona was my Midwife, and my paines

Were eased by the ayer-renting sounds,

Of warlike Sackbuts, Clarions, and Drums.

Ger. Thy loue doth make a wanton of thy leauē,

and through extremitie of passion,

1430

You make me halfe to feare you leauē to loue:

Pardon me *Agripina*, if my loue

through feare to loose my loue, doth loue to feare,

For life takes life from loue, loue growes from fear,

Feare to dislike, feare to be faithlesse proou'd:

Feare for to loose himselfe from his best belou'd,

This fearing loue, and louing fearefulnesse,

Doth bind my heart, and prison vp my tongue:

Why wouldſt thou this? I know thou wouldſt it not.

From stately Rome vnto the Suns arise,

1440

So many miles, so many mischiefs lies:

Where shouldſt thou haplesſe me accompanie,

The

The Tragical life and death

The mischiefe were redoubled, and one houre,
Perhaps should cause me die a double death.
Once in my selfe, and ten times more in thee;
Yet wouldest thou this? I know thou wouldest it not.

Agr. Ay me, my Lord, your word controls my wil.

Ger. Time entercepts my time, adieu,
Deare *Agripina* once againe adieu.

Piso. The time is now expired of our stay, 1450
And therefore you must either now agree,
Or Madam gainst your will he must depart,
For my part I will presently depart.

Agri. Ah! stay a little while and I haue done. (wel

Ger. Madam, for all the world I dare not: fare yee

Agri. And is your haste so great as his my Lord?
Must *Agripina* then forsake her loue?

Ger. Or else Germanicus must leaue his life.
Therefore my deare, deare wife, and dearest sonnes,
Let me ingirt you with my last embrace: 1460
And in your cheekes impresse a fare-well kisse,
Kisse of true kindnesse and affectious loue,
Bath'd in the licour of distilled raine,
Which nere before dissolued into teares,
Which falling lowly downe before your feete,
Seeme for to beg a mutuall vnitie,
To be continued after my depart.
Which if you are resolued to maintaine,
Then vse no dallying protractions,
But now compendiously lets take our leaue, 1470

Agr. As wills Germanicus so must it bee,
Farewell deare Lord therefore, this way for me:

Exit Agripina. Nero, Drusus, and Caligula embrace Germanicus, and follow her. Germanicus at an other doore. (tors be,

Ger. Deare wife, deare souns, heauens your protec-
The Gods our guide. farewell, this way for me.

Enter

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Enter Tiberius and Seianus.

Sc. x

Ti. Thus is *Germanicus* our greatest feare dispatcht
With subtil *Piso* to the Orient. 1480
Didst thou not see with what alacritie,
All the Plebeians at his triumph showted
At euery period of his pleasing song?
How that discordant quire redoubled
With their vntuned voyces relishing,
Long liue Victorious *Germanicus*?
But hees dispatcht into Armenia,
And foone shall be dispatcht by *Piso* true.

Seian. My Lord vpon mine honour Ile auerre,
Speedie performance of this action, 1490
I so inueagled *Piso*, so inwrapt him,
So coniured his traiterous refolution,
Storing the villaine with such poysonous druggs,
As neuer *Circe* nor *Aetes* knew,
I so incenst his damn'd ambition,
Soothing his humour, praising his great worth,
Adding the fauours of *Tiberius*,
That were *Germanicus* imperious *Ioue*,
Piso would poyson him to gaine my loue.

Tib. So much Seianus for *Germanicus*, 1500
But now an other cloud obscures our Sunne,
Of lesser fauour, but of greater shew,
That same infamous *Tigres Iulia*.
Nenia neuer saw a Lionesse
Was halfe so furious as is *Iulia*.
Didst thou not see her yawning sepulchre
Rauening to swallow vp my Emperie?
Did she not shew *Augustus* testament
To haue discarded me from regiment?
How can I brooke it? Do not make replie, 1510
If *Nero* liue, *Iulia* shall surely die.

G

Seia. Then

The Tragical life and death

Seian. Then Iulia make thy quicke confes-
sion.

Tiber. But yet there doth remaine a corasie,
A canker that doth gnaw my festered soule,
Nero and Drusus yong Germanici,
Whose youth is guided by two elder starres,
Titius Sabinus, and Afinius,
Were these made Counsellers to Proserpine,
(For neither Minos nor sterne Eacus,
Nor Rodamanthus were so iust as these,) 1520
Nero and Drusus might be foone entrapt.
If that Seianus loues Tiberius,
If euer Nero did repay his loue,
Then see these Phosphori be made away,
That dimme the glorie of our happie day.
Heere take my Signet, vse what meanes thou
wilt,

Be Emperour, so I may haue my will,
For euen as sure as Nero drawes his breath,
Afinius and Sabinus dies the death. 1530

Seianus. If they did both Vlisses equalize,
Matchles Penolepes vnmatched mate,
And if Minerua should inclow'd their thoughtes,
As Cipria wrapt her Achesiades:
I, were Apollo their eternall friend,
They should not liue if Nero fought their end.

Tiberius. Meane while, as cleare from all
suspcion,
Tiberius will leaue this wicked Roome. 1540
Iulia, Sabinus, and Afinius
Shall rue the absence of Tiberius. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Nerua, Sabinus, and
Afinius.*

Sc. xi

(cloudes,

Nerua. Who sees the Sunne incombred in darke
And

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

And exhal'd vapours dimme the welkins face,
Followed in pursuite with th' assaulting wind,
Which play their furious prizes in the ayre,
And not expects a sharpe tempestuous storne? 1550

Sabinus. Who viewes the troubled bosome of
the maine,

Endiapred with Cole-blacke Porpesies,
Prodigious Monsters, and presaging Signes,
Markt in th'appearance of vnwonted shapes,
Strange figures, and amazing Spectacles,
and lookes not for a ciuill warre of wayles? (true,

Afinius. Who sees the rules to bee vnfaigned
And not prouides preuenting remedies,
Well might hee prooue the perrill to his paine. 1560
The Walles once battered by the boysterous Ro-
maine,

And open passage forced to their foes,
Too late it is, for the engir't to plead
In matters, where foresight might frame auaille.
Folly it is to trust to had-iwist.
Late prouidence procures long repentance,
And thus I quite you for similitudes.

Nerua. Cancell that quittance Gallus, Nerua
knowes, 1570
How deepe ensearching is Afinius skill,
But yet I wonder you will sentence it,
Rather then to acquire the hidden fence.

Afiniu. Sence then is hidde in those similitudes.

Nerua. I, such deepe fence as makes my fences
droope.

Sabinus. No, fences droope where fence of ill is
none.

Neru. Sharpe fence may sensure ill, all thoughts
vnshowne. 1580

Afinius. Blinde is the censure of vncertainties.

Nerua. I, to the eye which sees what open lyes.

The Tragical life and death

Sabi. You speake Aenigmaes, doubtful and obscure.

Neru. Yet not so darke and hard, as true and sure.

Sabi. Then be mine Oedipus, interpret it.

Neru. Not Oedipus, it needes a searching wit,

A quicke conceite, an all obseruing minde,

Tis that that must explaine this hidden fence,

Such one was wont aged Asinius haue,

Such grounded wisdome reaching at conceite,

1590

Like as the fire in chimicke distillation,

Able to seperate the ellements.

But wherefore weepes Asinius? thy griefe disclose,
Nerua will heare, and helpe, who hath like woes.

Afini. Not for my selfe I shed these brinish teares.

Neru. Teares shed for Romes estate doe drowne
mine eies.

Sab. Hard state where vices liue, and vertue dies.

Ner. Witnesse the secret counsels which are kept,
Whereto no state of *Senate* is requested,
But olde establisht orders quite detested.

1600

Sab. Like to a butchered body, Rome is rent,
And secret factions, compleate treacheries,
Are common set abroach by each degree.

Ner. Nero hath tane adiew of stately Rome,
And poasted downe into the Countrie,
Nothing regarding his imperiall state,
And heere Seianus reuils all alone,
Free from the checke of Magistrates controule,
Commaunding all, as he were Emperour.

1610

Sab. And with him keepes the high Augusta heere,
But to what end, the Gods alone doe know:
Who graunt that all may issue to the best.

Afini. Amen, Amen, my minde presageth ill,
And say we what we can, theile haue their will.

Exeunt Asinius, Nerua and Sabinus.

Enter Iulia and Seianus.

Sc. xii

Iuli. And dare Tiberius worke old Iuliaes death?

Seia. Excel-

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Seia. Excellent Lady, worthy Iulia,
Vpon mine honour Nero seekes your life. 1620

Iul. And can the heauens see and not reuenge?

Not mad *Orestes Clitemnestraes* Sonne
Was so vnnaturall as this beare-whelpe is.
I did conceiue the villaine in my wombe,
Which now I hate because it fostered him.
Could I not get some Taxus to haue made,
My wombe abortiue, when I him coneiu'd?

Nero, ah Nero! did I not procure,
Thy first adoption by Augustus bountie?

Caius and Lucius, thy elder Bretheren, 1630
One in Armenia, th'other lost in Spaine,
And all that thou the Empire migh't obtaine.
Proud Phaeton, assend thy Fathers throane,
And rouse the frozen Serpent from his Denne.
Father of darkenesse, Patrone of confusion,
Reduce the *Caos* of eternall night.

Let heauen & earth, & aire, bee brought to nought,
For Nero liues, and Iuliaes life is sought.

Seia. In vaine the furie of such idle thoughts,
Doe but augment the habit of your passion, 1640
The Virgin ayre doth onely heare your moanes,
Which fleeting takes no'impression of your griefe.
In vaine you doe implore, the fencelesse creature,
For to vnbinde the chaine of constant nature.

Iul. Seianus! wise Seianus! louely man,
What shall I call thee to obtaine thy loue?
And yet I know, thou louest Iulia.

Seia. Madam, vpon my honour I protest——

Iul. Protest no more, Seianus sweare no more, 1650
I doe beleue thou louest Iulia:
And may I trust Seianus with my loue?

Seia. And may you trust Seianus with your loue?
If I had not engag'd my honours pawne,
If I had not admired Iulia;

The Tragical life and death

Loued Augusta more then mine owne life,
How durst I haue disclosed Cæsars drifts,
Broke my allegiance to my soueraigne,
Clearing the mistie cloudes of his reuenge,
But that I lou'd you more then all the world.

Iulia. Why then Seianus counsell Iulia,
Aduise Augusta in her deepe extreames,
Were it not cunning, tell me gentle friend,
For to beguile the Lion of his pray ?

1660

Seian. Augusta, Cæsar is your noble sonne.

Iulia. I, but he seekes the life of Iulia.

Seian. Madam, he may be moued to pittie you.

Iulia. Shall Iulia then entreat degenerate man,
That neuer knew Augustaes royll spirit ?
Did Sophonisba beg her princely life,
Or Anthonies Egyptian parramour ?
Did Philips high resolu'd Olympias,
Crouch to Seleucus for her wearie dayes,
And shall Augusta royll Iulia,
Crouch, beg, entreat her boy Tiberius ?

1670

Seian. Lady not so, Seianus will entreate.

Iulia. Nor thou, nor any, shall entreat for me,
Did not I beare him ? who shall beg my life ?
I shame to heare thy foolish pittyng,
Did not we make Tiberius Fmperour ?
And can we not depose Tiberius ?
Where are those volumes of inuentions,
Which once had residence in thy conceit ?
Those massacres and golden pollicies,
That ore thy fortunes euer houered ?
Record Seianus all thy Chronicles
Due to the bottome of thy memorie,
And plot some labyrinth of villanie.
Do not Seianus all in vaine contend ;
Nero, or Iulia, or both must end.

1680

Seian. Royall Augusta, Iulia commaund,

1690

The

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

The vtmost that Seianus can inuent.

Madam, you know that Cæsar three dayes since,
Remou'd his Court vnto Campania,
Where by his Orchard—

Iulia. What by his Orchard? speake Seianus, speak,
What doth the smoke of Lerna lurke thereby?
Or Thebane Sphinx, or Memphis Crocadile,
What Dipsas, or what Monster can we find,
But halfe so cruel in his proper kind?

Seia. There is a Cau^e *Spelunca* call'd, 1700
Vaulted by arte, made by Geometrie,
Whose top is wouen with a wauing vine,
The leaues of tempred plaister flagging downe
Are fann'd with motion of each little wind:
The ruddie clusters of the grapes appearing,
Liuely engrauen in dependant stones,
Neuer Mausolus, nor Amphions towers,
Nor Asiaes immortall workmanship,
Dianaes Temple halfe so curious,
as this entrenched earthly Paradise. 1710
But which encreaseth most a mazing wonder,
With turning of one stone all fall's afunder.

Iulia. What of this? what of the Cau^e Seianus?

Seian. Here oftentimes the wearie Emperour,
Doth banquet and refresh his troubled mind,

Iulia. Enough Seianus, promise to turne the stome,
Iulia is sicke, Augusta must be gone.

Sei. Madam, vpon mine honour ile make him sure.

Iulia. Farewell Seianus, I must needes be gone.

Exit Iulia. Manet Seianus solus. 1720

Seian. Madam farewell. Go stepdame Iulia,
Plot with Seianus for Tiberius death,
But first go tell the Queene of fearefull Disse,
and read a lecture there of policie,
Neuer to trust a friend in feecrecie.
So then Seianus here Epitomize
all thy deuises for to get the crowne. Betwixt

The Tragical life and death

Betwixt thy hopes and thee are feauen lights,
Seauen wandring planets, seauen obstacles,
Tiberius Cesar, and Germanicus.

1730

The triple offspring of *Germanicus* :

Iulia, Agripina, and Linia :

All these *Seianus* twixt thy hopes and thee,
But for *Germanicus* hee is eclips'd,
His Orient of honour is obscur'd,
I hope ere this by Pisoes diligence.

Iulia is in her strugling agonie,
Betwixt the poyson and concoction :

Drufus, Tiberius sonne, I meane to speede,
And make his father for to murther him.

1740

Euen thus the Cau^e I told to *Iulia*,
Is verie true, I doe not vse to lie,
Not to complot the deepest villanie.

Nor did I lie, ther's such a Cau^e indeede,
And with one stome I can consume the worke,
Some slender shallow polititian now,
Would deeme it here a point of wondrous reach,
To murther sonne and father in this Cau^e.

Not so, *Seianus* hath a farther scope,
Deeper conceit, and farre more misticall :

1750

The Cau^e shall fall and yet *Tiberius* liue,
But I will feeme to vnderprop the Cau^e,
With these my pillars, and beare all the loade,
So shall I get more fauour with the Prince,
That whom foeuer I shall countenance,
Shall feeme as ere repealed Oracles.

Then will I worke this credulous conceit,
To what impression my braine inuents,
Ile to Campania. Now first haue at his sonne,
Then for himselfe when all my plot is done.

1760

Exit Seianus.

Enter

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Enter Germanicus, and Piso at one doore, Vonones and sc. xiii
his sonne at the other.*

Ger. Vonones though this proud rebellion
Disturbe the vniuersall vnitie,
although this vtmost member of the world,
Hath made a separation from the head :
Though thou and thy proud sonne in daring armes
Haue made our Eagles sweat in thy pursuite :

1770

Yet know a Roman is thine enemie,
Whose Legions farre surpasse in Chiualrie,
The triple Phalaux of *Armenia*.
Were euerie man a furious Elephant,
Rul'd by a Castle of Numidians,
These Germane Legions would encounter them,
and these new squadrons out of Italy,
Would striue with them in glorious emulation,
Till with the spoile of vanquisht Elephants,
They might encampe a pale with Iuorie.

Yet know my mercie farre exceeds my strength, 1780
an Oliues branch wreath'd with humilitie.

Shall win more fauour with Germanicus,
Then all the Ensignes in *Armenia* can.
Speake then Vonones, wilt thou fight or yeeld?

Von. Germanicus, as to my hostile friend,
Vonones knowes thy honourable minde,
admires, but nothing feares thy victories.
Except thy person, Thus much for your state.
Germanicus, tis no rebellion,
For to maintaine our ancestors renowne, 1790
It is your pride to seeke Dominions,
Finding occasions stll to conquer all :
First Romulus encreast his Colonies,
By ruine of his neighbour borderers,
Within the circuit of faire Italy,
Subiected to your Lordly Empirie :

H

Then

The Tragical life and death

Then must Scicilia be your grauarie,
Carthage be fackt for emulation,
Spaine must find horses, France an enemie,
Because that Brennus scal'd the Capitoll, 1800
Yong Philip in the second punicke warre,
Must be reclaim'd by old Æmilius,
Mithridates for helping Perseus,
Must pay a ransome of all Asia
To Taurus Mountaine ; yet not so content,
Except he yeeld vp Lismachium,
For him Tigranes, Ptolomie for Anthonie,
My Grandfire for great Pompeys dignitie,
Must yeeld the title of his royltie :
Romanes, you wrong the world by false pretences, 1810
To make them al your vassaile Prouinces :
How did the Britaines wrong your Empirie ?
The Gallogretians, or the Scithians ?
What did Numidia, or what did Germanie ?
The late Caracter of thy victorie.
Let fearefull Cowards to the Romanes yeeld :
Vonones will fight out this blodie field.

*Exeunt both wayes, and enter againe to fight. Vonones sc. xiv
and his sonne flye. Enter Germanicus and Piso.*

Ger. Now are these Orientall braueries quail'd 1820
these rauening wolues hem'd in their lurking dens :
Tigramenta, were it proud Babylon,
Glew'd with Alphaltes slime impenetrable,
Were it Pireus, or Seleucia,
Germanicus would neuer leaue assault,
Till it were subiect to Germanicus.
Sound them a parley.

*Enter Vonones as upon the walles.
Germanicus speakest.*

Ger. Vonones, first to thy vpbraiding taunts, 1830
Which

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Which then thy furie would not let thee heare,
Thou callest vs Romanes too ambitious,
Competitors to all the worlds Demaine,
Proud to insult vpon Dominions,
By faigned shew of some receiued wrong :
First know Vonones that great Romulus,
Diuinest ofspring of th' immortall Gods,
Neuer vsurpt vpon his neighbour bounds,
Without the iust occasion of reuenge :
Witnesse the tempests of the Solines troopes, 1840
And Titias Titaias doubtfull trecherie :
Scicilia we redeem'd from seruitude,
From Carthage bondage, whose ambitious pride,
Fiue hundred thousand flue in Italy :
Spaine as abettors of false Hanniball,
Subdued by Africans to our rule,
France, Philip, Perseus, and Mythridates,
Tigranes, Ptolomie, and Numidians,
Bold Brytons, Scithians, Gallogrecians,
Neuer without defiance were surprizde, 1850
Neuer without iust cause we them defied :
Vonones thou doft know this to be true,
Yet your presumption makes you all to rue.

Vono. Germanicus were all the Romane spirits,
Imbarkt within thy royll curtesie,
Or were thy spirit infused into all,
Tigranocerta by the die of warre,
Should neuer make my realme vnf fortunate.
Vonones would be to Germanicus
A vassaile subiect, tributarie King. 1860

Ger. Vonones, not vnto Germanicus,
But vnto Nero bend thy humble knee :
If at our Eagle thou wilt lay thy crowne,
Then saile to Rome, and in the Capitoll
There reintreatre great Cæsars clemencie,
Yeeld vp thy Citie, and dismisse thy force.

The Tragical life and death

Vonones I admire thy valourous minde,
This is the way to find Tiberius kinde.

Von. Germanicus, how much I honour thee!
Vonones fawnes not for his libertie,

1870

For know, before that tyrant shall insult
Ouer the *Armenian* Orientall Prince,
Euen by the Sun, and all his counsellors,
The autour of our royll progenies,
Scale, burne, assault, batter, vndermine,
Renue as oft your wearied Legions,
as Polinices, or the Thebane wall,
Nothing but death Vonones shall enthrall.

Germ. Then to the fight,
and heauen I trust will ayde vs in our right.

1880

Germanicus and Piso scale the walles, Germanicus is repulst the first assault, Piso winneth the wall first, but is in danger by Vonones and his sonne: Germanicus rescueth Piso, Vonones and his sonne flie.

Che sara, sara, maugre all their force,
Tigranocerta, is subdued to vs.
Romanes assault the Keepe, let them not breath,
Till with the cinders of the fired Tower,
Your dreadfull furie cleane dissolued be.

Sound a parley within.

1890

Piso. But harke, th' Armenians doe a parly craue,
I thinke thei'l yeeld, and so our labour faue.

Ger. Then found terror to their melting hearts.

They resound a parley, and Vonones on the Keepe.

Von. Germanicus, and Romane conquerours,
Imperious Lords of Fortunes Emperie,
Vonones here vpon his suppliant knee,
Which euer yet was like the Elephants,
That had no sinew, had no bending ioynt,
Here he that neuer begg'd, doth now entreat

1900

A boone,

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

A boone, a glorious boone: Germanicus,
Tis not my life: Vonones heart would break
Before his tongue should be his Oratour.
Tis not Captiuitie, nor Towne, nor Friendes,
Nor Realme, nor wife, nor my posteritie,
Germanicus, it is a boone of fame
Vonones beggs, that nere will beg againe.

Ger. And as I liue, Vonones shall obtaine,
How honour croft by chance, reuiues againe!

Vonones. Then thus, in single combat I defie,
Some worthy man at armes, that dare performe,
This honorable challenge in the field,
If that Vonones liue, this is the boone,
For foure and twentie houres to haue my scope,
For to ordaine a new supply of warre.
If I be vanquish't, vse the law of armes.

Germ. Discend Vonones, on my honours pawne
For to performe this resolution.

Germanicus comes downe to the Stage.

Romaines, on your alleagiance be gone,
Perswasion is the fight of present death:
I see the Garlands dangling in the skies,
Of Coruin and Torquates victories.

Vonones commeth downe, they fight and breath,

Vonones being wounded. .. lampe,

Von. Curs'd bee the houre, and curs'd bee the
Which giues the influence to my haplesse being:
I had not deem'd that twentie thousand soules,
Could haue ore'quelled in a single fight,
My armour, purpled with vermillion blood,
(More then the Scarlet blush the maker gaue :)
You hel-bred furies, I plague you all in hell,
That thus do torture me: come on thou Targ of
Rome.

Fight againe, and Vonones is slaine.

Ger. Ah noble Spirit, and art thou quite extinct?

1910

1920

1930

The Tragical life and death

Gallant Vonones much I pittie thee,
Too much dere earth oppresse him not with weight
Whose minde was eleuated whilst he liued.
Let lillies decke his euer-flowring toombe,
And Rosets border on his wayled graue,
Sweet Nightingales participate his breath,
Helpē to immortallize his glorious death.

1940

*Piso and all the Romaines come downe from the
wall to Germanicus, and Germanicus speaks
to them.*

Now braue Centurions, worthy Legions,
After the night of labour, honours day
Bring foorth the murall Crowne and Ornaments.

1950

Pis. Germanicus, whose head shall this adorne?

Ger. His that deseru'd it, and I deeme' twas I.

*Pis. Know nay Germanicus, but it was I
That firs̄t repulſt th' Armenians from their walles,
Firs̄t pitcht my Eagle in the conquered Towne,
Not honour, nor imperious ambition,
Can make a Romaine yeeld his honours title.*

*I scald the sconce, therefore the Crowne is mine,
I pitcht mine Eagle, mine are the Ornaments;
And by my soule, and by Bellonaes night,
Piso will haue his owne, his Crowne, his right.*

1960

*Ger. Piso shall haue his owne, shal haue his right,
But for the murall Crowne (my honours meede)
The glorious Signet of my victorie:*

*Firs̄t stars shall turne vpon this earthly pole,
Bound to this shadie Orbes circumference.
And heards of beasts shall graze on earthly pasture
Betwixt the Lyon and the double Beare,
Nature turn'd topsy turvey fore that day,
Piso my honours Crowne shall braue away.*

Pis. Braue! Piso will not Braue, his deeds shal plead 1970

*Ger. His deedes alacke are tongue-tide Oratours,
Without ambition I pleade my right.*

Did

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Did not I my selfe in th' first assault,
Thrice change my Target ouer poys'd with Darts ?
Did not I brandish in the second fight,
My burning Semiter ? that all their eies,
Could not indure the heate of his reflection ?
Then in the midſt of all the frontiers ſtrength
Hew'd me a paſſage to Vonones Sonne,
Whofe dying Ghoaſt bare record of my force, 1980
That did diſmay their power, diſman their walles,
There fixt mine Eagle, then vnbard their Gates,
And ſtreight remounted to auault the Keepe.
Perchance that Pifo by ſome poſterne gate,
Crept through a meufe, & by the winding ſtayres,
Panting and breathleſſe, ſtale vp to the walles.
But I

Pif. Nay ſtay Germanicus, my heart doth throb,
Mine eares doe glowe, to heare thy brauing taunts :
I am a Soldier, and as good as thou, 1990
But for the childiſh rumor of thy name :
And ſhall I looſe by theſe iuulfing tearmes
The Crowne of honour that I haue deſeru'd ?
Not one fault drop of Sweat, that I haue ſpent,
But honours fountainne ſhall repay againe.
Germanicus, Pifo will haue his due,
Or thou or he, this fact of thine ſhall rue.

Centur. My Lords, what diſmal furie doth enchaſt
Your noble Spirits to this mortall ſtrife ?
The Romaine millitarie lawes enforce, 2000
That in theſe graue demurres the Soldiers queſt,
Should giue the honour by a whole conſent :
Are you my Lord Germanicus content,
And you Lord Pifo with our Romaine lawes ?

Ger. Worthy Centurion with all my heart.

Pif. I muſt perforce, or elſe not haue my part,

Cent. Speak Soldiers, Pifo or German. (Germanicus

Sol. Germanicus, Germanicus, the Crowne is to

Cent. Trum-

The Tragical life and death

Centu. Trumpets, relate to heauen this Vnitie.

Germanicus fitteth downe, *Piso* at the other end of the 2010
Stage sprinckleth Powder on the Crown, and then he set.
teth it on *Germanicus* his head, *Trumpets* sound.

Pif. I lost the Crowne, but I haue won the day,
Long liue Victorious *Germanicus*.

Ger. *Piso* grieue not at Iustice equitie,
Mine honour's dearer *Piso* then my life,
Except this grudge, *Piso*, I honour thee,
Depute thee Lord Armenianian gouernour,
To grace thy vertue, and reward thy paine,
Farwell good *Piso*, ile to Antioche. *Exit. Ger.* & *Sol.* 2020

Pif. I, goe *Germanicus* but nere returne,
That Crowne shall be the last thou ere shalt weare,
That garland decks thy speedy funerall:
If that *Germanicus* passe Antioche,
Piso's a foole, *Seianus* had no wit:
That powder which I sprinckled on the leaues,
Me of my death, him of his life bereaues. *Exit Piso.*

Enter Tiberius Solus.

Sc. xv

Tib. I am dispos'd to meditate alone,
Here in my Orchard, let none dare trouble me: 2030
These Poppies too much aspire, they are too high,
I must needes make them headlesse for their pride,
And sure their seede, would breed a deadly sleepe,
Should I not crop them, in their flowring prime:
These marigolds, would follow with the Sunne,
If I should suffer them to sprout on high,
But ile confine their stature to my measure:
So will I doe with all competitors.
Here's an olde roote doth hide the rising plants,
And that doth make me thinke on Iulia. 2040
Where is *Seianus*, that incarnate diuell,
Hath he not ended yet my greatest euill?
I doe misdoubt the Villaine, oh the flauie!

He

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

He may bewray me to the Senators:
He may disclose me vnto Iulia:
He may discouer me to Germanicus:
He may doe what he will, to seeke my end.

Exit Tiberius.

Enter the Ghost of Germanicus.

Sc. xvii

*Ghoast. Ingratefull Nero, and ingratefull Rome,
Vnto the merrits of Germanicus,
Reuenge my causeleffe wrongs, great Proserpine,
Who murthered was by hatefull treacherie.
Me thinkes I am a man, and now could raue,
That nere before did know what anger ment.
This murall crowne wrought my vntimely death,
By Pisoes enuie, and Tiberius pride.
Germanicus, poore soule doe not complaine,
For prayers cannot thy life restore againe,
I will goe see my Children and my wife,
That I may thinke on them in this new life.*

2051

2060

Exit Ghost.

*Enter Agripina at one doore, Drusus and Nero at the o- Sc. xviii
ther crying out, as from their Beds.*

Ner. My father, my deare Lord Germanicus.

Agr. My husband, my deare Lord Germanicus.

Dru. My father, my deare Lord Germanicus,
Mother and Brother, helpe Germanicus,
Fie sluggish Brother, draw thy balefull fword,
Mother, fling wilde fire at the Crockadile,
For nothing else can peirce his brazen skales.

2070

Agr. Drusus, what spirit doth disturbe my Sonne?

Dru. Mother, me thought I saw Martichora,
The dreadfull hiddeous Ægyptian beast,
Horrid and rough slimy and terrible,
Fac'd as an Hidra like some vnquoth man,
Whose eares hang drayling downe vnto hir feete,

I - Sweeping

The Tragical life and death

Sweeping the loathsome soile with greedinesse,
Fang'd with three Iron grates of steely tuskes,
Wall eyed, with collour steept in deepest bloud, 2080
With Lyons clawes, and Scorpions poysonous stng
Wouen in Gorgias hundred thousand knots,
His murmuring sound, mixt of two Simphonies,
Rebellowed twixt a flute, and trumpets found,
That seem'd the world with roring to confound.
By him me thought I saw a gallant beast,
A princely Lyon, crown'd with honours meede,
At which this vgly Monster wrought amaine,
For to defeate the Lyon of his pray, 2090
But all in vaine, till this deceitefull beast,
Belcht foorth an ayrie death-infecting breath,
At which me thought the Lyon vanished.
And my deare Father, great Germanicus,
Plac'd in his roome by this beaſt perrished :
Twice thus I dream't, and ſtill my thinkes I dreame,
But mother, what did your affrighting meane ?

Agri. Oh Sonne ! I dream't that in the azure ſkye,
For one Epicicle two Sonnes did ſtrive,
One darted rayes, th' other rainebowes made :
One ſuckered plants, the other moou'd the fire : 2100
One ſhining, tother dimme : one true, tother falſe,
And in this discord all in heauenly motion,
The hoaſt of starrie cloudes did hide the ayre.
These hideous monsters met in furious rage,
As if the world had beene diſfevered.
Like when a Whale runs in the boyſterous maine,
Seeming to ſhoulder all the yeelding waues,
So by contrition of this dawning night,
The Axeltree of heauen did ſeeme to mooue :
From whence, as from an anuile ſeem'd to ſtreame, 2110
A day of lightning, and a thunder bolt,
Which rending paſſage to the Orient,
Seem'd for to light vpon Germanicus.

This

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

This frighted Agripina in her Dreame,
But Nero what did thy vpstarting meane?

Nero. My thought I sawe a fnowye milke white
Encoutring with a rauening bloody Stork. (Swan
When in the furious heate of all their broyle,
The Storke was succoured by a neighbour Crane,
The Swan reliued by a dunghill Cocke, 2120
All ioyne in battaile, all to furious.

But whether by faire Venus prayers to Ioue,
Or other fate, the Swan and gallant cocke,
Ceaz'd on the Crane, and carkasse of the Storke,
All which seem'd pleasing to my flumbring fense,
But all too ruffull that which after fell,
Fell discord twixt the Swan, and Cocke arose,
The peerelesse Swanne was worthy Conquerour,
But yet alas the gallant Cocke. —

Enter Maximus a messenger from Germanicus, he 2130
knocketh at the doore.

But who disturbes vs at this time of night?
Where is the Porter with the Citties watch?

Max. Open, ah open vnto Maximus.

Dr. The faithful Maximus, God send good newes.

Enter Maximus.

Agr. Too much I see, I dare not heare the rest,
And yet I will: nay farewell Maximus,
I will not feare, yet feare comes gainst my will,
Mine eares are stopt, how doth Germanicus? 2140

Max. O! were I mute, or had my carefull nurfse,
Nere taught this dolefull Engine for to speak;
Then should my soule in mourning silence groane.

Agr. Ah deere Maximus by all that ere was deare
Within thy trustie heart, make no delaies,
Tel Agripina: rid her of her feare,
My heart is hardned euen the worst to heare. (Rome

Max. Then Madam sithence we left this stately

The Tragical life and death

Proud in the Triumphes of Germanicus.

My Lord first sayled to Brandusium,

So to Achaia and from thence to Rhodes.

From thence to Ephesus, from Ephesus

To Lismachium we bent our course,

Thence to the mountaine Taurus marcht by land,

Sheluing on which we coast Armenia,

and in her firtill bowels pitcht our Tents.

Vonones three leagues off displaide his flag,

The scarlet Ensigne of his bloody minde,

There like two heards of Lyons, we inrang'd

Our squadron to their Phallax, to their darts,

Our flings : against their Cammels, all our horse.

Betwixt our armies Tigris swiftly ran,

and there within a league on our right hand,

A deepe-delu'd Cau'e, (fit ambush to intrap)

All vaulted with a young disprayed groue.

Here with fiue hundredth foot-men light of armes,

My Lord did place me till he gaue the signe :

So in the heate our Legions seem'd to flye,

Till all Vonones armie past the floud,

And in pursuite of our suppos'd flight,

There all enuironed with hidden troops,

That saw Vonones and his fierie Sonne.

And some few more, which them accompanied,

We made an ende of this rebellion.

Tigranocerta then we all inclos'd,

And wonne it, and my Lord Germanicus,

In fingle combat, flew their gouernor.

Ag. Ah my deare Lord ! how fares Germanicus ?

Max. I, that's the dismall newes I haue to tell,

Leauing the Orient thus in setled peace,

And Piso Pretor of Armenia,

We marched to the Cittie Antioche,

Whereas my Lord had heard were Christians,

Iudeian Priestes, the which did magnifie,

2150

2160

2170

2180

An

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

An vnknowne God, in dayly pietie.
Before the Cittie grew a Cipresse Groue,
Strew'd vnderneath with fading Violets,
Where Gastly Screach-owles hold their residence,
True Prodigies, of fatall miseries.

about the midday of Antipodes, 2190

When our Horrizon was benum'd with sleepe,
a furie and a passion both at once,

Began surprize my Lord Germanicus. (her Sons.

Agr. Oh heauens!—*She fainteth and is upheld by*

Dru. Mother you promis'd for to heare the worst
and can you not indure the first assault?

Agrip. Yes Maximus, tell out the dyreste wo,
My hart conceiues more grief then thou canst shew

Max. What time the liuing diall of the night,
His first alarum, rang to Cipria, 2200

Gall of my soule, I saw that woefull sight,
Wherein my Lord (tormented) meekely lay,
Like to a Lyon in his generous kinde,
Doth gnaw the earth, in felnesse of his minde,
Grudging sorrow but disdaines to moane,
Or rore in torment of his agonie,

So lay Germanicus in grieuous paine :
Yet griefe from outward shew did much restraine,
But feeling that his spirits gan to faile,
and vitall pulses leaue their motion, 2210

He cald for Plato, and there two houres red,
Of the immortall essence of the Soule,

So constant in his soules Diuine releueing, (uing
That griefe euen grieu'd herselfe, for him not grie-
Then to his friendes, he gaue this last farewell,
Deare friendes, and worthy countrymen adiew,
Had I in this faire May of all my glorie,
By fates Eternall hand beene catcht from earth,
I might accuse the Iustice of the Gods :

But since by Piso, and his poysonous drugs, 2220

The Tragical life and death

Germanicus is lost; reuenge my death.

Agri. Enough, too much: O I can beare no more,
Good Nero goe, run to Sabinus house. (*Exit Nero*
And treate him come, and comfort thy sad mother,
Drusus goe thou vnto Asinius lodge, (*Drusus*
And wooe him hether to thy forowing Mother. *Exit*
But was my Husband poysoned by that flau?
O Monstrous hell-hound of ambition!

Max. No man could proue it, but it was surmis'd,
Both by the dying words of my deare Lord, 2230
And by the suddaine swelling of his head,
That like a snow white Leaper was defilde.
As by the heart of great Germanicus,
Whose body being burnt, that yet vntoucht,
A certaine note of poyson still remain'd,
Which I embalmed with Arabian splices,
Mixt with the ashes of my dearest Lord:
Haue in this Allablaster box preseru'd,
The onely Relique of this Tragedie,
Which to you worthy Ladie I present,
Yours it was liuing, yours it must be dead. 2240

Agrip. I had it liuing, and must haue it dead,
all may befall that must neceslitie.
Flye liuing soule, into this livelesse heart,
That it may animate my greater part.
Or else (Oh Gods) graunt this felicitye
That here my breathing soule may tombed be.
Mine eyes shall drizell down Arabian mirrhe,
To garnish all Armenian infections
Or falling from my eye-balles couered be,
With this faire couer of sad miseries. 2250
I must needes looke vpon this last relieve,
Which swels, as being angry for my grieve.
Ah my Germanicus! thus to hold thy heart,
Yeeldes me no comfort, but augments my smart.

Nero returneth.

Ner. Mother

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Ner. Mother, Sabinus some two houres since,
Is gone to visite faire Elizium.

Agri. What to thy Father my Germanicus?

Drusus returneth.

2260

Drus. Mother, Asinius Gallus very weake,
Expects the fatall houre of his death,
Phisitians tell him he is poysoned.

Agrip. Too much my Sonne, great sorrow stille is
dumbe.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Plebeians with one of Maximus his Soldiers. Sc. xviii

1. And is it true, did Piso poyson Germanicus?

Sold. True, I as true as this is an Armenian Loufe,
that bit me by the backe, & I am sure I carried none
out of Rome with me: for his head sweld, his hayre 2270
would not burne, and hee dyed in a furie, and we al
know that Piso had mortall hatred against him
because he wold not let him haue his mural crown.

2. O Germanicus Germanicus! oh good Germanicus!
the very hūnifuckle of humanity, & the Mary-gold of magnanimitie:
Piso is not to be cōpared to him. Piso noe, he is to him (euen in the creame of
his nature) the verie lees of licentiousnes, the Veriu-
ice of villany, the very exrement of euil, & which
is more, he had no reason to poyson him. 2280

3 Good Germanicus, oh when shall I make thee
an other payre of boots that would euen smile whē
they should come vpon his legges? O I shall neuer
make such merrie bootes againe, for all the drie lea-
ther in my shop I warrant will weep intirely when
they heare this newes.

Sol. Consent to me, Piso will be heare preſently
(he thought to haue beene heere before vs) consent
to me, lets plague him for Germanicus.

1 Agree'd, and lets roſt him in his skinne, as you 2290
roſt a Cat. (quicke

2 Nay, lets drowne him aliue, or else bury him

Sold. Nay

The Tragical life and death

Sold. Nay, will you all keepe touch, and weeble
teare him ioynt by ioynt when wee haue got him,
therefore stand close, for I heare his horse neigh, the
Asse will be heere presently.

Enter Piso.

Pis. Haile Mother Rome.

Sol. I, stornes of vengeance on thy cursed head,
1. Where is Germanicus? speake!

2300

2. Speak! what hast thou done with Germanicus?

Pis. I cannot tell.

All. But wee will make thee tell.

*They drag him in, and enter againe with his lims in their
hands, they shout and cry.* (Lord

Omnes. Thus haue we sent reuenge to our deare
Thus haue we sent Germanicus reuenge.

Exeunt. Omnes.

Enter Tiberius and Seianus out of the Cau.

Sc. xix

Tibe. Sejanus.

2311

Seia. My Lord.

Tibe. Ho Sejanus.

Seia. Here my gracious Lord.

Tibe. A plague vpō him, that first made this Cau
It was not sumptuous, not faire enough
To be the Tombe of a lye Emperour.
Thankes to my Genius, and thy prouidence,
That hath defended me from farther ill,
And yet my shoulders feele the heauie loade,
Sirra a brush :

2320

Vanish the monuments of antique worldes,
Mew'd in externall silence be obscured,
Not Thesius loue vnto Perrithous
Not Alexanders to Hæphestion,
Nor the two Bretheren of Paris sworne,
That in eternall courses scale the heauens,
Did euer manifest such demonstrations,

Of

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Of faith vnfaign'd, and more then Turtle-doue,
Saued my life, now by my Geneus
If all the world were ten-times multiplied, 2330
And one of them were made of maffie gold,
Enameled with Pearles and Diamonds,
Emboft with Iasper and Alites vertue
Yea were all thesee imaginarie worlds,
Vnder Tiberius his dominion,
This world, this rough-cast world with precious
Should be the guerdon of my saued life. (Iems,
Ah my Seianus, what can Nero find,
To counter-ballance such a faithfull minde.

Seian. Most gracious Cæsar mightie Emperour, 2340
Had Pellion and Cossa beene conioy'd,
Had mounting Tenarus with the snowie Alpes,
And high Olympus ouerwhelm'd the Cau,
Yet would Seianus (like Briarius)
Haue beene embowell'd in this earthie hell,
To sauе the life of great Tiberius.

Tib. Now haue I tried the trunesse of thy stampe,
Bith' touchstone of this late oppression,
Nero repayes thy loue with vsurie,
But by my Geneus how this fuddaine feare 2350
Hath made vs cleane forget our mothers care.
Tell me Seianus, how fares Iulia?

Seia. My Lord she doth cōmend her to your grace
But very weake vpon a surfeit taken.

Tib. As how Seianus? old folkes vse good diet.

Seia. And so did she my Lord, at supper time
She tooke a kernell of restoratiue,
In a Pomgranet, which did so preuaile,
As that left her ficker with her Phisicke:
Asinius and Sabinus her deare friends, 2360
From that Apothecarie did receiue,
The like restoratiue with like effect:
And then I poasted to your Maiestie.

K

Tib. Iulia

The Tragical life and death

Tib. Iulia, Sabinus, and Asinius,
For each a teare, so to Elizium.

But what Seianus note I in thy face?
The feale of feare though well dissembled,
Are they not all dispatcht why dost thou feare?

Seian. Vpon mine honour all are perished. (soule?)

Tib. What doth thy conscience then disturbe thy 2370
What meanes the careleſſe rowling of thine eyes?
Thy louing forow, foulding of thine armes?
Thy suddaine fighs, thy wauering countenance?
Now all thy blood doth ebbe into thy heart,
Now all thy blushing visage ouer-flowes,
Speake my Seianus, fauer of my life,
And by my Geneus thou shalt obtaine.

Seia. Feare and allegiance, dutie and affection,
Honour and pittie, loyaltie and loue,
Raife mutuall tumults in my clouen heart. 2380

Tib. Speake good Seianus, Nero longs to heare,
The mutinous diffention of thy feare.

Seian. May be my Lord Seianus feares in vaine.

Tib. Let Cæſar know, leaſt Cæſar feare in vaine.

Seian. What if my Lord it do concerne my hurt?

Tib. Yet tell to Cæſar who can cure thy hurt.

Seia. I am perfwaded that it is but forg'd.

Tib. Well, howſoever I commaund thee shew.

Seia. Faulter my tongue thou dolefull instrument,
Infortunate to tell so bad a ftorie. 2390
Pardon my Lord.

Tib. Seianus I commaund.
And by my Geneus I will be obeyed.

Seia. Then heauens beare witnes what I do record
Comes of no malice nor ambition,
For of mine honour I do thinke it forg'd.
My Lord, ſince you lay in Campania,
It is a rumour blowne by vulgar winde,
That you will neuer backe returne to Rome,

I could

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

I could not gesse on what presumption : 2400
But when I first assualted Iulia,
And she had swallowed vp the poysous baight,
Faith then in loue vnto her Ladiship,
I told her that your grace did seeke her death.
Not Menus with the frantike dames of Thrace,
(That in their Dionisian sacrifice,
Mangled the bodie of poore Pentheus)
Raued like Iulia in her passion.

Tib. O how it doth me good to heare her mad !

Seia. May it please your Maiestie to giue me leaue 2410
Here to set downe a dolefull period.

Ti. No by my Geneus Nero will heare all.

Seia. After the furie, anger tooke her throne,
Like a fierce Lion chaft to seeke reuenge,
When wooing me with many honie words,
Of good, and wife, and friend, and debonaire,
Idle sinononimies of womens wit,
she all to prayed my constant fecrecie
And I to heare the summall exigent,
Swore neuer to reueale her policie 2420

Whilst Iulia and Seianus both should liue.
And I haue kept my promise with her to.
Then did she seeme to wooe me with her lookes,
But good my Lord let here Seianus leaue,
For on mine honour all may be but forg'd.

Tib. If thou concealest but one fillable,
Nero will hate thee in eternitie.

Seia. My Lord, great Iulia said she would preuent
Tiberius in his Tygers crueltie : 2430
She swore my ayde, she swore my fecrecie,
Adding a gift to euerie worde she spake :
This Ring, this Signet of Augustus Armes,
This Iewell, picture of your noble father,
Yet Iulia you know my Lord was wife,
And all may be but forged pollicie :

The Tragical life and death

She said how she deuised had the plot,
In this Campanian cecession.

(Oh Gods forfend) to end Tiberius daies?

Tib. Tis well Sejanus shee's— but proceede.

Seia. The day before the blustering Ides of March 2440
Which as I take it, this day is expired.

(That made me poste so haftily from Rome)
On this fame fatall day, olde Iulia swore,
Hir Sonne Tiberius should be poysoned.

But by whose means, my Lord I must conceale,
For of mine honour I doe thinke it forg'd.

Tiber. Conceale a Traytor, and my guard shal lop
Thy ioynted carkasse: goe too tel me all.

Seia. Why then my Lord, imagine all is false,
And what I say, is all but counterfaite. 2450

Doe not conceiue that Drufus your deare sonne,
Aspires to be a present Emperour:

Beleeue not that this day he makes a feast,
Where mightie Cæsar, should be poysoned.

Thinke not that Spado that Twig soone bent to il,
Is now corrupted to performe the act,
Who tasting first vnto your Maiestie,
With a Vine-branch enfoulded on his arme
Will squeeze in poysonous drugs to slay my Lord.

Imagine this to be a lying dreame,

Though Iulia sware and vow'd it should be so,
And made great ioyance, that it should be so;
Beleeue it not surely she said not true,
For on mine honour I doe thinke it forg'd.

Tiber. No, no, Sejanus, I haue well obseru'd,
The haughtie stomacke of th'aspiring Boy,
But Ile pull downe his lofty crested plumes,
And teach him homage to his soueraigne.
How dare the stragling elfe, once looke on mee,
And not be turn'd into an Aspen leafe, 2470
To tremble at each breathed fillable?

Seia. Be

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Seia. Be patient, good my Lord, perhaps tis false :
Or be it true, as who would once conceiue,
Such headlong furie in ambitious thoughts ?
Did not Mithridates Pontus King,
Forgiue Phraates his rebellious Sonne ?
Did not Iugurthus father, often checke
His high aspiring thoughts ? yet him forgaue :

Tiber. Talke of forgiuenesse in some pettie Kings
Not in the state of mightie Emperors, 2480
This day he dooth prouide Thyestas feast,
And bids his father to the bloudy cates.
Perswade me not, Seianus I will goe,
I haue already promis'd him to come,
And if the villaine offer me these drugs,
Ile make him swill the cup, I should carouse.

Enter Spado toward them.

But heere comes Spado his fine instrument,
See where his Garland is, ile stab the Slaue.

Seia. No good my Lord, how can you then inquire 2490
The hatefull Treasons of your wicked Sonne ?

Tib. Tis true Seianus, I will hold my hands.

Seia. Oh how I fear'd I should haue beene betraide

Spad. Euer Augustus ! Drufus royall banquet,
Requires the presence of Tiberius.

Tiberi. Spado we come.

They draw aside the Arras, and banquet on the stage,
Spado tasteth to Tiberius, and after infuseth the poysen.

Spa. My Lord, yong Drufus wisheth happinesse,
To Nero Cæsar in this Cup of wine. 2500

Tiberi. Drufus doe thou begin vnto Tiberius.

Dru. My Lord, may't please you here is other wine.

Tibe. But taste of this my Sonne, I'm sure tis good.

Dru. Here is the like my gracious Lord beside.

The Tragical life and death

Tiber. It may be like, but not so altogether.

Drus. Tis of the same.

Tiber. Well, please my humor Sonne.

Drus. Why good my Lord.

Tiber. By Ioue ile haue it so. *He drinketh and falls downe, Seianus stabbeth Spado.*

2510

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is the Emperour? Augusta is deade.

Tib. Goe tell that newes to Proserpine. *Stabs him.*

Another Messenger.

Mes. Where's Cæsar? great Germanicus is dead.

Tiber. Commend me to Germanicus. *Stabs him.*

Another Messenger.

Mes. Where's Nero, Piso is by the Plebeians slaine

Tibe. Let Rauens and Vultures gorge on his flesh
and thine. *Stabs him.*

2520

An other.

Mess. Where is Tiberius? where is Cæsars grace?

Afinius and Sabinus both are dead.

Ti. Go greet the both thus frō Tiberius. *Stabs him.*
How now what newes bringſt thou? speak villain
ſpeake.

Seianus commeth toward him, and he maketh at him. Seianus cryeth out, and Nero stareth on him.

Seia. No newes my Lord, I am Seianus I,
I ſau'd your life my Lord, I am Sejanus.

2530

Tib. Pardon Sejanus onely faithfull friend,
The headlong furie of a troubled foule,
I dare not trust my ſelfe to ſee my Sonne.

O who would weare a Crowne to be tormented?
Sejanus I muſt ride in poſte to Rome,
To reigne the furie of the common heard,
See theſe foule carkaffes be buryed.

Goe to Sejanus, when I haue my will, *He speaketh*
Ile make thee Patterne of thy Villaines. *this aside.*

Meane

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Meane while I will to Rome to finde the booke, 2540
Augustus wrote and left with Iulia. *Exit Tiberius.*

Seia. Why this is well, Germanicus is gone
With Iulia and with Drusus into hell.
Follow Sejanus, Noe: thy wits I meane,
Alas poore Drusus, troth I pittie thee,
And Spado too, me thinkes now I could weepe,
But that it is too womanly: this chopping boy
Whome I corrupted for this Stratageme,
I did him a great fauour, had he liued
Tiberius would haue had him tortured,
Hang'd by the Nauell for confession. 2550
Drusus, for thee, I could haue wisht thy life,
But reason did in force thy destinie.

First that thou wert heire to Tiberius:
Next an obseruer of my secrecies,
Thirdly thy Liuia, that Queene of beautie,
The eldest Daughter to Germanicus,
Sejanus secret friend, thy secret foe,
Next to Germanicus, heyre to the Crowne,
Thy sometime, now my wife, if heauens agree,
To make me heire vnto a Princes Throne, 2560
Nay more, an Empyre thus shall be mine owne:
Fourthly the blow which I receiu'd in peace,
Vntill reuenge might satisfie my will:

All these, or any were sufficient:
I am sorry, I haue vs'd thee too too well,
Now to the summe of all my foes are left:
Tiberius Cæsar, with him Agripina,
Nero and Drusus the Germanici.

Then thus the fierce enrag'd Germanici, 2570
I will infence against Tiberius
As the sole agent in their fathers death,
Shew them the fauours of the Senators,
The Plebeians harts inchain'd to their beckes,
Faire baites for to allure their young conceites.

Rebellion

The Tragical life and death

Rebellion Ile intitle honourable,
And if that we obtaine the victorie
As I haue bound them Legions to mine hoast,
Then will I haue my spies, my fawning Curs,
My hireling hell-hounds in the battailes heate, 2580
To murther both the yong Germanici.
Tiberius vanquisht, and these made away,
Cæsar Seianus, Empresse Liuia. *Exit Seianus.*

Enter Caligula solus.

Sc. xx

Calig. Now pleasured by fit occasion,
Poure forth the treasures of thy inward thoughts,
Which too too long haue beene imprisoned,
Now muse on Romes ensuing miseries,
Tiberius treasons, and thy fathers death,
Thy brothers danger, and thine owne contempt, 2590
And musing, meditate vpon reuenge,
Banish harts quiet from thy sleeping thoughts,
Vntill thy thoughts be satisfied with blood.
Nero I come, inspire me iustest rage:
And Rome shall tremble at Caligula. *Exit Calig.*

Enter Seianus, with Nero, and Drusus Germanici.

Sc. xxi

Seian. Nero, Drusus, Drusus, Nero, both are one,
Or one or both, for both I know are one:
And what I speake to one I speake to both.
Nay, heare me out for what I speake is true,
Piso did poyson great Germanicus 2600
Your father, Neroes sonne and my good Lord,
I, by Tiberius pollicie.
Lo here the pardon made for Piso drawne,
Which Iulia dying did to me commend,
What shall I speake to moue you to reuenge,
The Senat is deuoted to your stocke,
The common people in soft murmuring,
Like Bees doe seeke the honie of your Hiues,
What if some Waspes doe moue Tiberius? 2610

I haue

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

I haue a swarne maugre these lazie droanes :
I haue the Legions at Seianus becke,
And for my sake, and specially for yours,
I know they will euibrate all their force,
Besides the honour of your Countries good,
Exile the tyrant, so did Cassius,
Brutus the elder and the yonger Brute,
Honour and fauour, youth and legions,
The Senators, and the Plebians :
If all may moue you, courage noble hearts ;
Let Hares and Harts be fearfull in their kinds,
Romanes haue valiant and vndaunted minds.

2620

Nero. Brother a word with you:—*Takes him aside*

Seia. I, go, consult, whilst I centuriate
A thousand nets to catch such tender fooles.

Nero. Drusus how doft thou like Seianus gesture ?

Dru. Faith like his words, for both are counterfet.

Nero. Vpon my life Tiberius sent the flauue.

Dru. Tis so by Ioue, tis so, looke brother, see
How the damn'd villain fleares, & laughs, & lowres 2630
Wele first begin with him, & the for Nero: *They be-*

Nero. Brother content, and now be resolute, *gin to*
But here comes Iulius Celsus, hold thy hand. *draw.*

Enter Iulius Celsus.

Celsus. Flie, flie Seianus, Iulius bids thee flie:
Nero hath found thy death in Iuliaes house,
I meane, the cause of death, thy trecheries,
The letter that thou sent'st to Liuia:
Away, shift for thy selfe, and so will I. *Exit.*

Seia. Hath he found that ? Seianus cursse thy selfe, 2640
The lower world, and the highest heauen.
That he hath found them ; die, consume, and burne.
I heare the noise of horses, they are here,
A plague vpon them all, then here away. *Exit*

N. Brother away, tis time, we may suspect. *Exeunt*

Seianus looks in at the doore, and speaketh.

L

Seia. Hell

The Tragical life and death

Sei. Hell yawne and swallow them: that way I am
This way the dogs wil bark, & so betray me: (stopt,
The geese will gaggle, if I flie this way.
There are his murderous guard, a hel confound the: 2650
Oh for the seauen-way house of Hannibal!
Sejanus kill thy selfe, oh no I dare not,
Would I were an Aſſe to beare: fo I am.
I am not: I flie, I dare not: I cannot, I must. *Exit.*

Enter Tiberius with his guard purſuing Seianus. *Sc. xxii*

Tib. Haſt for your liues, ſeeke, ſearch, enquire, ſtop
Mifdoubt, examine, ſpie, watch, haue a care, stay,
And if he paſſe, not one of you ſhall ſcape
Th' extreameſt torments that I can inflict.
Poaſt, poaſt, away ſome to the Capitoll, 2660
Some to port Esquiline, mount Pallatine,
Watch, watch the ſtreetes, the Drufian ſtreetes,
Hie to the Altars, the Aegerian wood:
The bridge of Tiber, and Prometheus Lake,
Some where, any where, euery where, away, away.

*Enter Seianus: the guard beſets all the doores, he draw-
eth and proffereth to come diuers wayes: at laſt ruiſheth
on the guard, fighteth, and is taken.*

Seia. Heauen, earth, hell: helpe, hide, gape:
here ſwallow vp a liuing ſacrifice, 2670
Grac'd with an Heccatcombe of slaughtered ſlaues,
Hold ſword Sejanus barters death for death.

Ti. So, bind the traitor fast in Iron chaines,
Now ſlaue of honor, ground of Infamie,
Obloquies ſubject, and faire dealings shame,
Nay heare me villaine, for thou muſt, and ſhalt.

Seia. Muſt, ſhal, and will, for I am bound to doe it.

Tib. I, and to beare what euer I inflict.

Sei. Strik quickly, & ſtrike home, I wait the ſtroke
And muſt embrace the instrument of death,

2680

And

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

And neuer grieue to droune it in my blood,
So that the streamie spirits that ascend,
Were of sufficient force to strangle thee :

Tib. Ah good Sejanus how yet I pittie thee !

Seia. I craue no pittie, neither feare thy pride,
Whose pittie onely serueth for a truce,
To leuie new supply of tyrannie.

Tib. The man begins to play the Orator,
Get him a Throne to grace his eloquence.

Seia. This kind of curtefie I will accept.

2690

Tib. Yet shall you not perform't except I will :

Sei. If, Tygers issue thou shouldest cut out my tung :
And rob my thoughts of their Ambassadour,
The boundlesse Ocean of my swelling thoughts,
(Enraged with the malice of my heart)
Would ouerflow my breasts immuring bankes,
To make relation of thy villanie.

Tib. Oh terrible reuenge, intollerable.

But I shall vndergoe it as I may,
And here and there still as you glaunce at me, 2700
But touch a little your owne villainies,
And therein play the true Historian.

Tut, courage man, why doſt thou not begin ?

Seia. Bidſt thou begin, who long will wiſh me end,
Ere I haue ript vp halfe thy villainies :
Which neuer will haue end vntill thou end.
Oh hadſt thou ended ere thou hadſt begun,
So many euils had not chaunc'd in Rome :
Then had not Vestaes Tapers beene defil'd,
Nor th' Altars turnd to irreligious vſes : 2710
When thou didſt make her neuer dying lampes,
Serue for the Torches to thy burning lust,
The whileſt her Temple made a brothel-house,
And all her virgins proſtitute to thee.
But theſe are but thy meanest outrages,
Wrought in thy villainous minoritie

The Tragicall life and death

Thy Cleopatrean cates could scarce disgest,
Without a measure daunc'd by naked truls,
To feed thy glutton-eyes immodest gaze.

Tib. And where was then Sejanus, holy man? 2720

Seia. Herein I doe accuse my selfe of guilt.

Tib. Beshrew thy hatefull head for doing it.

Seia. Bale to thy hatefull heart for causing it.

Tib. Thy plotting head for so inuenting it.

Seia. Thy bloodie mind for so concluding it.

Tib. And on Sejanus for effecting it.

Seia. And on Sejanus for effecting it.

Yet villaine doe I curse my cursed selfe?

Downe poyfed by the execrations

Of thofe that thou by me haft murthered? 2730

Tib. Beleeue him firs, may be he speaketh truth.

Seia. It may be tyrant, nay it is too true.

Caius, and Lucius, were murthered,

And Agripina, by Tiberius.

So poysoned Germanicus was slaine.

Sabinus, and Afinius were dispatch'd,

And Iulia for her sonne Tiberius.

And so thou louedst Drusus thine owne sonne,

To fucke his bloud in whose death still I ioy,

To thinke that therein I ore-reach'd a tyrant. 2740

Poore Prince vniustly doom'd to suddaine death,

Which in his life he onely this deseru'd

By giuing me a whirret on the eare:

But as for treasons ignominious spot

against thy selfe, thy life or Diademe,

His innocent thoughts neuer were tainted with.

Ti. Hold hart, break not betwixt my rage & griefe

Seia. Onely for this. (Aside.

Tib. Onely for this! O furie teach my tougue,
To breath eternall curses on his soule. 2750

Seia. O how I triumph in soule-pleasing ioy,
That herein yet I die not vnreueng'd.

I made

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

I made him die for mine owne proper fault,
For know Tiberius as in all the rest,
So in thy Sonne Drufus sad Tragedie,
I grounded the foundation of my hopes,
Meaning vpon the Ocean of their blouds,
To swim vnto the Throne of Maiestie,
And from thy hand rend the imperiall crowne.

Tib. Here is the Catalogue of his deserts, 2760
Tis pittie but he were an Emperour.

Spurius——*He whispers in his eare, & Exit Spurius*
Make haste, I charge thee on thy life.
Herein I must detract from pollicie,
And Fortune attribute the cause to thee,
That thus I may reuenge this treacherie.

Seia. Reuenge! alas thou maist perhaps on me,
Inflict th' extreamitie of punishment,
And rid thee so of one peece of thy feare,
But yet thou canst not scape deserued death, 2770
For from the Phœnix ashes of their Sire,
The heart reuived young Germanici.
Wise Nero, and fierce Drufus arm'd with rage,
Come like a lightning to consume thy state.

Tiber. Soldiers pursue them ere they passe the
To ioyne themselues vnto the Legions. (walles

Seia. Why lunaticke Vsurper of the Crowne,
They are the lawfull heires vnto the state,
Thou but adopted by false treacherie,
My right as good as thine is to the Crowne, 2780
For both but false, and both but villanie.

Tibe. Thou doost me wrong Sejanus to vpbraid
With Ignominious Title of ingrate. (me thus,
Or wrong detaining what is not mine owne.

Enter Spurius with a burning Crowne.
Who, I Vsurpe your Crowne and your estate?
I were not fit to liue and if I should.
Therefore my Majsters, heere before you all,

The Tragical life and death

I doe resigne my crowne imperiall

Vnto Sejanus, and doe inuest him Cæsar,

2790

He sets the burning Crowne upon his head.

All haile Sejanus, Romes great Emperour.

Seia. Al haile: Hell, Death, Destruction plague
Let all the tortures, torments, punishments. (you al
In earth, in heauen, in hell, reuenge my death,
Whose burning paine torments me not so much
as that there comes not from my scalded braines,
Sufficient smoake to smother all of you. *He dyes.*

Tibe. So dye thy Curfes with thy cursed selfe,
Now one goe cast, his bodye in to Tiber, 2800
The rest goe with me, tis high time to haft. *Exeunt.*

Enter Agripina sola.

(omnes Sc. xxiii)

Agr. Oh heauens! and if that any power be higher!
O earth! and if that any lower lye?
Melt heauens into a shoure of supple balme.
Flower earth, all purpled with Nepenthaes leaues,
Too foolish Agripina to complaine,
Earth, Heauens, Nepenthaes balme, and al in vaine.
This earthly hart, it is my pleasing earth.

She openeth the box with the heart of Germanicus 2810
This is Nepenthaes that doth cure annoy:
This balme, this Cassia, this is sweetest Myrrhe
When I forget to ioy in this respect,
Heauë, Earth, Nepenthaes all do me neglect
O what a dungeon is this tabernacle!
To whome, and when, and where shall I complaine?
I know not, and againe I knowe,
For Agripina is amaz'd with woe.

Enter Marco.

Macr. Madam, Tiberius Cæsars ma iestie,
Sent me to tell you of his neare approach. 2820

Agri. Wil Nero come? where are his torturs then?
His rod, his Hatchets, Rackes, gyues, manacles,
Whips, Gridirōs, Tumbrels, Lyons, Tygers, beares
And all his vnquoth new found Messengers,
Which

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Which bloody Phallaris could nere inuent?
Can faire Pallantias leaue her Lucifer,
Or Phœbus shine, and not Aurora rife?
Tush you are much deceiu'd, Nero will not come.

Macro. Lady, my heart doth yearne to here your 1830
To surge in billowes of such bitter waues. (griefe,
And _____

Agr. And what? good Gentleman, tel out the rest :
What, will you set a ship vpon my Sea,
Fraught with a thousand Tunne of heauie cares,
And with a sharpe tempestious Romaine winde,
Saile vnto Thule or the frozen maine,
Then glide vpon the yce and so to land,
And sowe these seedes of care twixt bankes of Rue,
Deepe delu'd, and deepe rooted in colde clay, 2840
Then in pursuynge of this faintie foyle,
Stay vntill haruest, and in Autumne sheare
This fruitlefull Corne, and so returne againe.
But Agripina, these fond humors leaue,
Macro, my griefe my fences halfe bereaue.

Macr. True Agripina, Macro much did wonder,
The variable passions of sad sorrow,
That I lament the tragicke historie,
This dolefull faultering Engine should impart,
Nero will hether come vnder pretext, 2850
To comfort, but to trie your patience.
He hath an Apple in such firrop dipt,
Which he in kindenes meanes to offer you :
If you accept, accept a present death :
If you denie, heele take exceptions,
Against your faith, and subiects loyaltie.
Dreadfull Dilemnia, counsell as you may,
I doubt that Nero wil misdoubt my stay. *Exit Macr.*

Agri. Dares he not stay? O monstrous perjurie!
Did he not vow by Ioues eternall Crowne? 1860
By Saturnes sighe, and Venus golden belt?

Mercuries

The Tragical life and death

Mercuries changing rod and Lunaes Horne,
That he would stay with me. O periury!
Nero make hast: yet stay, ile paire my Nailes,
Least that I set my tallents on his face,
And spoile Narcissus comely personage.
He will giue me an Aple, ile giue him _____
A what? a Lemmon: no but ile giue him
A Chesnut, and heele cracke the riuen shell,
And twixt his Milstones, grinde the yealding meat 2870
Germanicus, oh my Drufus! oh my Deare,
Nero, no! Nero Cæsar will visite me,
And feede me fat with Capons and with Quailes.
Quailes! noe with Apples so he comes:
I shall be cram'd to day.

*Enter Tiberius with his attendants Spurius & Nerua,
Macro and Caligula following after.*

Tiber. Faire Daughter Agripina, you doe wrong
That spotlesse beautie with congealed teares.
Blotting those Rubies with dissolued pearles, 2880
Stayning those Roses with such Christal streames.
Is not the world subject to Romaine power?
And thou the Daughter of the Emperour,
And so th' imperiall Mistresse of the world?
Then Agripina but commaund the world?
and all the world shall seeke to comfort thee.

Agri. Nero, not all the world can comfort me,
Since all the world hath lost my comforter.

Tiber. Hath all the world? what did your Lord af-
Daughter, you cannot rule vnlesse you raigne. (pire? 2890

Agr. Blush not deare Ensigne of my modestie,
Shame light on me if that I be ashame'd,
Since thou wilt never be ashame'd of shame,
My Lord Germanicus did he aspire?
No Nero no, there lurkes the fistula
Of fawning hatred that did murther him.
Did he not honour Rome in Germany?

Did

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Did he not homage to Tiberius?
Did he not loue his countrie past compare?
Courteous and milde, and too obsequious?
Too well beloued and too credulous?
and therefore murthered.

2900

Tiber. Nay stay a while,
And breath, and raile, and raile and breath againe,
and then I hope your Ladyship will stay,
Meane while, hold, heeres an apple to refresh
The dried vapours of your fuming head.
Eate it and breath, eate it and raile againe,
Doe so faire Daughter to allay your paine.
Words ease the stomacke.

2910

Agrip. So must they mine:
Or else my heart would breake in vile dispite.
Monster of Monsters, ill is too too good,
Cruel, too milde a title for thy deedes:
Nature could never finde a man so bad,
That might resemble thy foule Villanies.
Toade, Crockadile, Aspe, Viper, Basiliske,
Too holsome, tame, milde, gentle, vertuous,
For Neroes poyson, furie, enuy, wrath.

Tibe. Woman, I listen much vnto thy Taunts,
Yet know that I haue Pandaturia,
There, babble to the wind, thy foolish moanes,
There in some desart make thy Elegies,
Tune them vnto the puling harmony,
Of the lamenting consort bred in Thrace:
Rome shall not heare thy yelling execrations,
Before Enos shall foure times be washt,
In Nereus fountaine with Hiperion,
Vpon thy life see that thou see not Rome,
But banisht, backe to pandaturia.

2920

Agri. First let the head of Nilus be reueal'd,
Let Tiber flowe in Ægypt, Nile in Rome,
Let earth to ayre, and water turne to fire,

2930

The Tragical life and death

All to confusion, let heauen turne to hell,
And which is more and most Prodigious,
Let Nero thinke one thought of honestie,
If Agripina yeeld to bannishment.
Did not Sejanus blazen all thy wrongs,
That all the world doth loath thy treacheries?
Did not the Parthian King admonish thee? 2940
Thou wert a villaine, and thou sworst twas true,
Doth not each night with dreames of thy foule sins
Torment thy soule with gasta Spectacles?
Cajus, Lucius, Augustus, Iulia,
Sejanus, and my Lord Germanicus,
Solicite Pluto for thy deepe reuenge?
They doe, they doe, and all the furies shake
There new filde yron whips for their reuenge.
If there be heauen, be sure of Nemesis:
If there be hell be sure to be tormented,
With balefull tortors neuer yet inuented. 2950 (breath?)

Tibe. Not all this while, good Daughter out of
Wel, speake thy last, that Rome shal here thee prate

Agr. My last fond Tyrant know that I wil speake
In spite of Nero, in disdaine of Rome,
Nero the Butcher, bloody shambles Rome,
Who sells the fayrest ware at meanest price.

Tibe. I, and because peeuiish wilfull grieve,
Hath made you somewhat leane, not fit for sale,
You shall to grasse to Pandaturia: 2960
Prouide her hay and water store enough.

Agrip. No, no, what shall I call this hate of earth?
Ile call him Nero, that's the worst of all.
Nero, it shall not neede, I am prouided
Of fairer Cates without thy honest care,
The corne that makes my bread are yellow cares,
Ripened by heate of anger, in my breast,
The barren field of nought but carefull seedes.
My meate the sodden sorrowes of my heart,
Which

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Which boile with soft remembrance of my woes, 2970
And if I play the Epicure in griefe,
My teares shall be the fence of my repasts.
If euer other foode my tongue doe taste:
If euer other foode my stomacke doe concockt:
Let all be turn'd from fustentation,
To fill impostumes with contagious filth.
I tell thee Nero, Agripine will die,
And starue her selfe, and scorne thy bannishment.
Tis two daies fince I last did taste of meate,
Curst be my soule, if euer I doe eat. 2980

Tibe. Will you not? see, firra, go fetch some foode
Ile make thee curfle thy selfe: hold, take, fall too.

Agri. Detefted tyrant, I do scorne thy foode.

Tib. Then helpe Sirra, ope her mouth & feede her,
Cut her meate small, and feede her daintily.

Agr. Out villaine. *He feedeth her, and she putteth it*

Tibe. Sirra dispatch I say. (out againe
Nay, cram her then, & feede her fat withall.

He choaketh her and so she dies.

What haft thou strangled her? here take thy hyre. 2990
Canſt thou not feed a Daw no better yet? *Stabs him.*

Neru. Ah, Nero, Nero.

Tib. What Nerua be content,
She chose of this rather then banishment:
And better choake then starue our wilful daughter,
Shee's gone, and if I liue thou ſhalt goe after. *Aside.*

Exeunt all but Macro and Caligula.

Macro. Barbarous, inhumane, worſe then crueltie,
Which Gods and men, mine eyes, and soule, do hate,
What Hyporborian Climate in the North? 3000
What Lidian defart, Indian vaſtacie?
What wildernesſe in wilde Arabia,
So hatefull monster euer nourished,
To hinder willing death by villanie?
Caligula, Changeling Caligula,

The Tragical life and death

Where is the Spirit of Germanicus ?
Did he beget thee in an idle dreame ?
Or did thy Mother thinke it vanitie
As Æthiops Queene vpon Andromeda ?
If but one sparke by chance remaine aliuē,
If but one drop, one Mathematicke point,
Make vp a Sea, a bodie by addition,
Blow vp (Caligula) this sleepe sparke,
Caligula remember what thou art.

3010

Calig. Macro, Caligula can beare thy taunts,
Can be vpbraided at a Captaines hand,
My Father told me, and I remember it,
The highest vertue is true patience.
I know not what you meane by all these wordes,
That mount my Fathers prayses to the skie,
To liue securely, I deeme that the best,
And a great vertue to be patient.

3020

Macro. Patient Caligula, I am a sham'd,
I am impatient to heare that word,
That noble Title wrested from his fence,
Ah ! did not Macro serue Germanicus
When as thy Mother bare thee in the field ?
Did not a peale of Trumpets sound thy birth ?
And Drums make musicke to allay hir paines ?
Wast thou not train'd fore thou couldst speake,
Didst thou not were a Common Soldiers sute ?
And therefore hadst thy name Caligula ?
Where is thy Captaine soule imprisoned ?
Thy Lyons heart? incag'd! no, thou art wise,
Thou deem'st that Nero hath suborn'd my tongue,
To make a glozing Theame of flatterie,
To sift thy secretes, and to sell thy life,
First let the earth open her cursed wombe,
and swallow vp this hellish mantion.
Let euerie step treade on a Scorpion :
Let euerie object be a Bassaliske :

3030

3040

Let

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Let heauen——what can I wish Caligula?
Here is my poynard: here, be sure strike home,
If thou canſt haue but leaſt ſuſpition

That Macro ſeekes to vndermine my Lord.

What? ſhall I now become a Sycophant?

Cali. Macro, Caligula doth not miſtrūſt,
Nor hath he reaſon to miſdoubt thy faith,
But Macro, thus muſh for Caligula:
Meete me at Fides Temple, there thou ſhalt know 3050
More, then vnto my mother I durſt ſhew.

Macro. Were it to Thale, I would thether poaſt,
To heare the ſentence of Caligula.
Till then my Lord adiew.

Calig. Farwel Macro. *Exit Macro.*
My Father flaine or poyſoned in the Eaſt,
Liuia become a foule adultereffe.
Nero and Drufus fast ſhut vp in ward,
and thou deere mother heere lyeft butchered.
Grow to the earth you feeble iſtrumentſ. *He kneels* 3060
Till I diſtill a liquid ſacrifice *downe*
From my harts fornance, & theſe Chriftal ſtreames.
Ye dry'd vp wels, ſtraine out a little more,
Tis Agripina that you muſt deplore.
Proud Spirit, bound thy ſwelling Timpanie,
Till I vnfraught this Galley of lamentſ.
Then cleare thy paſſage, and burſt out in fire,
and make an Earthquake in this little world.
What ſhall I vow? to whome ſhall I lament?
Vnto the Marbles? they doe weepe for ſorrow. 3070
Vnto the Walles? thy riue themſelues with griefe.
Vnto the Beasts? why they would ſtarue themſelues
To feede themſelues vpon this fading hew.
Marbles and Walles, and beaſtes more ruth then he,
That was the Author of this Tragedie.

He takes her in his armeſ and goes in.

Æneas burthen neuer was ſo deare,

The Tragical life and death

As this celestiall burthen which I beare.

Exit.

Nero and Drusus chained in prison.

Sc. xxiv

Dru. Brother I faint, and now my starued soule,
Seekes for to feed vpon Ambrosia. (chain'd 3081

Nero. Dear Drusius, wold mine armes were but vn-
That thou mightst stanch thy hunger on my flesh:
My colder humors feed my gnawing heat,
That I can better yet endure the fast.

See brother I thinke thou maist reach mine arme,
I pray thee feed vpon this leane repast.

Dru. No brother if it would prolong my life,
Till the great yeare when al things must be chang'd
To the Idea of the formers will. 3090

But if thy hungry woolfe doe vexe thy soule,
Feed on these cates, taste on this brawnie arme,
That will reioyce to feede thy appetite.

Nero. Nay brother feed on mine *They eate each*

Dru. Nay brother mine. *others armes.*

Enter Caligula againe.

Cal. Boast not Antigone of thy deare loue.
To Polinices thy affected brother,
Whom thou in sight of Creon didst entombe,
I haue entomb'd a farre more precious Iewell,
I in dispite of Nero farre more cruell. 3100

Dru. Ah, Nero, Nero, that dost vs enforce,
To be such louing Romane Canibals,

Cal. Who calles on Nero, wast my mothers ghost?

Nero. Ah cruell Cæfar, brother forgiue, forgiue,
My food digesteth not, nor can I liue.

Cal. Or am I blind, or doe mine eyes behold,
My starued brothers? tis so Caligula.

Nero. Brother farewell my glasse of life is run.

Dru. And Ile go with thee to Elizium. *They both die 3110*

Cal. Is there a prouident intelligence?
That rules the world by his eternall being?
Is there a Ioue? and will he not be just?

Or

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Or is he iust? and will he not reuenge?
What is he? whom, or where, or who can tell?
Canst thou not moue the heauens? then raise vp hell.

Exit Caligula.

Enter Tiberius with his guard.

Sc. xxv

Tib. Cocceius Nerua staru'd himselfe to death,
I wonder much what made the old man die, 3120
In truth I lou'd him for his naked truth,
In truth he was an honest simple man.
Well vertue go with him, vice stay with me,
Till I haue massacred my prisoners,
And rooted out all this conspiracie:
Then will I seeme a new reformed man,
And rise betimes each morning to the Temple,
So afterwards I may contriue some drifts.
I haue a Catalogue which I must finde,
And search the prisons whether I haue all.

3130

Iulius Celsus crieth out of prison.

Cel. Ah, Nero, Nero, Celsus begs thine ayde,

Tib. Iulius Celsus what is thy petition?

Cel. An humblesutor for your clemencie.

Tib. My clemencie Celsus, Marie and you shall,
I, and great reason for Seianus sake.

Cel. Not in his name I beg compassion,
But by thy vertues I doe thee intreat,
ah gracious Nero let my Guiues be loos'd.

Tib. And Celsus led to execution.

3140

Cel. Ah, no Tiberius, I desire not death,
But better ease in my imprisonment,
For this I beg.

Tib. For whose sake Iulius?

Cels. For mercies sake, and thy deare Geneus.

Tib. For that word Iailer loose his Iron bands,
Or by my Geneus thou shalt loose thy head,

Cels. O voice of comfort, thanks Tiberius.

Tib. Tis but for a while, know that Iulius.

Cels. Now

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Celsus. Now monster, Tyger, earthes infection.
Plague of the world, scourge of our happie Rome,
Treasons first borne, hels out-spewed vommit,
Prodigious homicide, and murthers lawe,
That makes a sporting lawe to murther men.

3150

Tibe. Holla and breathe, and then beginne again,
Nero shall recompence thee for thy paine.

Celsus Such Recompence had good Germanicus,
Such Agripina, such had Iulia :
Such Nero, Drusus, and their dearest Mother,
Poore Agripina, wife Asinius :
Sabinus, Nerua, and thy other selfe,
Young Drusus, whose deare blood was once thine
Yet of thine owne hadst no compasfion. (owne
And lastly, (though not vndeseruing it)
Yet heerein well deseruing at thy hands,
In that he was thy mischieves instrument :
Haplesse Sejanus too improuident,
Of his intended fall, thy false intent.
And such a recompence remaines for me,
The meanest subjeft of thy Tyrannie.

3160

3170

Tibe. Marie amen, sweare it, an Oracle :

Celsus. But tyrant, Celsus doth contemne thy furie
My minde was neuer feuer-shooke with feare
Of Meagre death, lifes due priuation,
I haue alreadie arm'd my age to die,
Whose age deemes death the end of miserie.
See therefore Tyger, heeres thy mercies fruite,
The ease I sought, the end of earnest suite.
For this I beg'd, for this I seem'd vnwilling,
For to be dead, that I might gaine my killing.
He puts the Chaine about his necke and strangles himself.

3180

Tiber. Wondrous well gain'd, here is good vsury,
Where tis the gainers interest to die :
But Oh for Charitie ! Tayler, Soldiers run,
Rescue his life, before his life be gone.

Yet

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Yet let him goe.

Tailer What is your highnesse will ?

Tib. Nay nothing now but that as yon man dies,
For Charitie close vp his dying eyes.

Why this it is to haue a pollicie,

3190

Here's a poore plot to preuent cruetie.

And ten to one the villaine vnderstands,

How this will vexe me that he scapes my hands.

But let that passe leauue him to Acheron,

His part is past, part of my part's to come.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Caligula and Macro from Fides Temple. Sc. xxvi

Cal. Thus haue we interchang'd our mutuall othes

In presence of the Goddesse of all truth :

Macro remember how thou art inioyn'd,

3200

By words, by signes, by letters and by thoughts,

For to adore eternall secrecie.

Macro. And if my Lord misdoubt my secrecie,

Cut out my tongue, cut off my traitors hands,

Vnioynt my bodie, and pull out my heart,

That I may neither tell, nor make a signe,

Nor thinke one thought against your roialtie.

Cal. Pardon me Macro, if I somewhat feare,

That hauing all this while securely slept,

Vnder the Canopie of vanitie,

3210

And neuer did impart my secrecie,

To father, mother, or my brethren :

Nerua, Sabinus, or Asinius :

Nero, Seianus, all I haue deceiued ;

Vnder pretext of youthfull brauerie.

But Macro, to thy youth I recommend,

The supreame relique of Germanicus.

by Agripinaes loathed execution,

By my deare brothers starued carkasses,

By thee, by me, by all the gods, by all :

3220

And if that any number be, more then all.

N

Ioyne

The Tragical life and death

Loyne to exile this proud Tarquinius,
Insulting Nero: no not so, not so:
Yes so it must be, or else murthered,
For nought but death can satisfie my wrongs.

Macro. Like as a Grayhound in his hot pursuite,
Striues to out-strip the fearfull flying Doe,
Or as Dianaes gift to Cephalus,
yearn'd to out-run the beast of Archadie,
Both striuing, yet both swifter then the blasts,
Disdaine Boreas in his swelling pride,
Shot for the sister of faire Dianire:
So doth the honour of your houering thoughts,
Grudge to be equall'd by my fluttering flight,
Yet good my Lord giue Macro leauue to mount,
And ceaze vpon the accosting stooping pray.

3230

Cal. Not so, I (Macro) tis that haue the wrong.

Macro. But I my Lord, _____

Cal. Do not intreat,

Doe not prolong with idle breathing words,
The date of cold reuenge: for euen this night,
Nero shall be inroll'd in Plutos Court.
In Germanie farre on the Northren side,
Within the circuit of a desart wood,
A wildernesse of deadly Bafilisks,
Within this circuit is an hellish poole,
Cold in the tenth degree. Not Stix so cold,
Wherein the fearefull Thetis drencht her sonne.
In a Mules hoofe this water haue I kept,
As fatall drinke to Philips worthie sonne,
And euen this night this water shall reuenge,
The Tyrants wrongs vnto Caligula,
Macro flie vnto the Legions, win their hearts,
Perswade with all thy warlike eloquence,
Aduaunce our Eagles, and to morrow morne
Approach with them vnto the Capitol,
Faile not good Macro, but make hast away,

3240

3250

This

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

This night for Nero or Caligula.

Enter Liuia Sola.

Sc. xxvii

Liuia. Can Liuia still participate this ayre?
Still temporize with fawning miserie?
Still feed on cares, yet still vaine hopes repaire?
Will nothing end my cruell destinie?

3261

What lumpish Saturne did inspire my breath,
Did make me die in life, yet liue in death?

Breath out thy plaints, with all breath out thy hart
Euaporate the spirits of thy soule,
Weepe out thy braine the substance of thy smart,
That knew thy shame, yet would not sin controule,
Anotamize this Sepulchre of shame,
Soule, hart, and braine, and all, and all to blame.

3270

Is Drufus dead? and yet can Liuia liue?
Sejanus at Elizium, and I stay?
My father murthered? who me life can giue?
My brothers staru'd? Liuia not made away?
Old Heccuba by death could ease her grieve,
And cannot Liuia find out like relief?

Can I that flourished like fairest Rose,
Droope like the Lillie beaten downe with raine?
Can I to whom each courtiers tongue would glose, 3280
Endure their scornes, their taunts and vile disdaine?
Could Liuia liue, when Liuia was contented?
And cannot Liuia die now shees tormented?

She kneels downe by the Welles side.

Great Faunus to whose sacred Deitie,
This sanctified groue is consecrate:
Accept the incense of my last pietie,

N 2

The

The Tragical life and death

The best deuotion I can dedicate:

Accept great Faunus this my dying proffer:
Many more great, none more sincere can offer.

3290

Not Dido to Sicheus sacrifice,
Nor Cleopatra vnto Anthonie:
Nor great Olympias could this truce dispise,
Nor Sophonisbaes loyall miserie:
Zenobia, Palmicaes noble Queene,
This fatall end of Liuia might be seeme.

Faire fountaine cleare the blots of infamie,
Cold stremes, congeale the rumour of my death,
Thou onely Philomela sing my Tragedie,
Carroll a Dirge for my exhaled breath:

Faire stremes I come, let no man heare my cries,
Let no man shed one teare that Liuia dies.

Here she leapeth in.

3300

Enter Caligula solus.

Sc. xxviii

Cal. By this, the cruel Tarquine should be sped,
Banisht from Rome and Romane Emperie,
But much I feare, preseruatiues doe stay
The furie of his waterie receipt,
And Macro may be trecherous: what a foole
Was I for to impart my secrecie? 3310
O what a villaine was Caligula?
Horror confounds me in this Agonie:
But Ile Catastrophize this Tragedie.
Did not the villaine fweare, and vow, and weepe,
Offer his breast, that I might make a window
To see the cankers of his festrred soule,
And thou wouldest not take him at his word?

Enter Macro.

Macro. My Lord, the legions are all vp in armes,
For to salute your grace the Emperour.

3320

Cal. Thanks

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Cal. Thankes Macro, royll friend commaund them sthay,

Till I returne from Nero back againe. *Exit Macro.*

Caligula goeth to the place where Nero Tiberius lyeth sicke, and pulleth aside the Arras.

Caligula. All happinesle vnto your Majestie.

Tibe. Curst be all happinesle, for I haue none.

I haue a fire, a fire within my bowells,

That burnes, and scalds, and mads me with the pain:

If I must die, yet would I had my wish, 3330

Oh that euen all the people in the world,

Had but one necke that at one deadly blowe,

I might vnpeople all the world and die.

Giue me my hands that I may rent my flesh,

And teare this raging from out my burning intralls

Where is Æsculapius? who goes for him?

Ile hale the leach from hell to cure my paine,

And if that Nero doe not quickly mend,

Ile burne euen all the Temples of the Gods,

That cannot help the Romaine Emperour. 3340

Calig. Yes, I will helpe the Romaine Emperour, and be reueng'd on thee Tiberius.

Thou monster Tyrant, thus ile help thee thus:

Hee stops his breath with the sheete, and stabs him.

This for Germanicus, this for Agripine,

This for Nero, this for Drusus, this for Caligula.

So, — *Reenters upon the Stage.*

There Nero, the hate of Rome lies butchered,

He raign'd noe day, but some were murthered,

Asking his Maister Zeno a Greeke word, 3350

What Dialect? he answered Dorice,

And therefore kild him, for because he thought

He mockt him for his Rhodian bannishment.

He loathd wine now, because he swilled goare:

More greedily then he did wine before.

He flue a Poet for this little cause,

The Tragical life and death

Because that in a dolefull Tragedie,
Hee rail'd on Agamemnons crueltie.
It is a holy law, and Romaine rite,
No vestall Virgin should be strangled,
He for to inuent a crueltie, 3360
Made first the hang-man to deflowre the Maides.
And then commaunded for to strangle them.
When one had almost kild himselfe for feare,
He made his Surgions for to cure his woundes.
The tyrant would deny no Witnesse,
If any did accuse twas present death.
When first the Tyrant did posseſſe the Crowne.
He ſent to Rhodes, for a deare friend of his,
Who cheriſht Nero in his baniſhment. 3370
He comming vnto Rome, found out the Prince,
But in an angrie, fullen, diſcontent:
Who in a rage made him be tortured:
And whē the villain ſaw he had wrong'd his friend
He murthered him, that it might be conceald.
He crucified one Peter cald a Saint,
Of holy Iewes, that did adore one Chriſt,
Which they entitle Sauiour of the world.
He kil'd one Pryam (therein happy moſt,
In that he liued and all his Cuiſhren loſt.) 3380
These and ſo many more as ſhould I tell,
I ſhould imploſ a world to number them,
And ſtill be further with Simonides,
To ſignifie the certaine multitude.
By theſe his acts ile iuſtifie his death,
That I may get Romes royll Empiry,
And to eternall glorie of renoune,
I was a foole, but all to get the Crowne.

F J N I S.

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